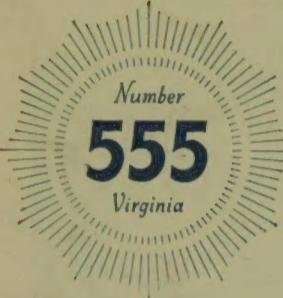


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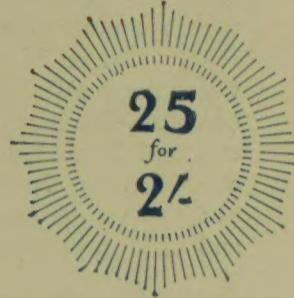
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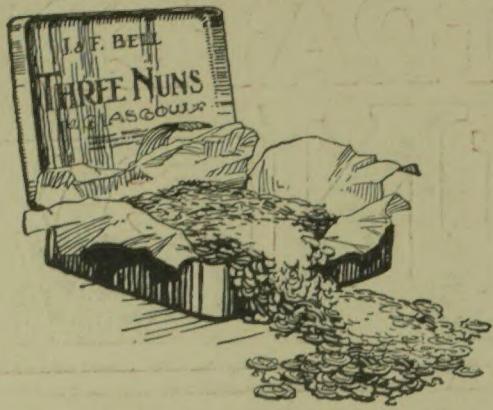
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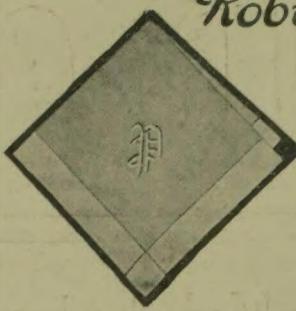
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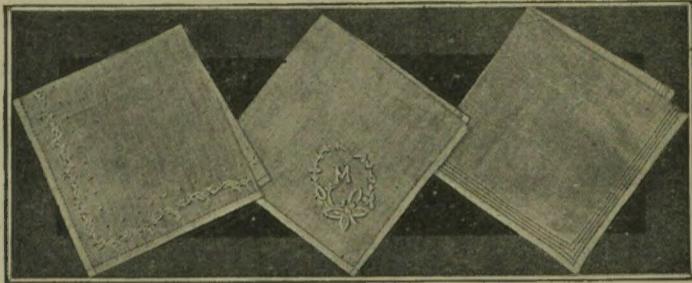
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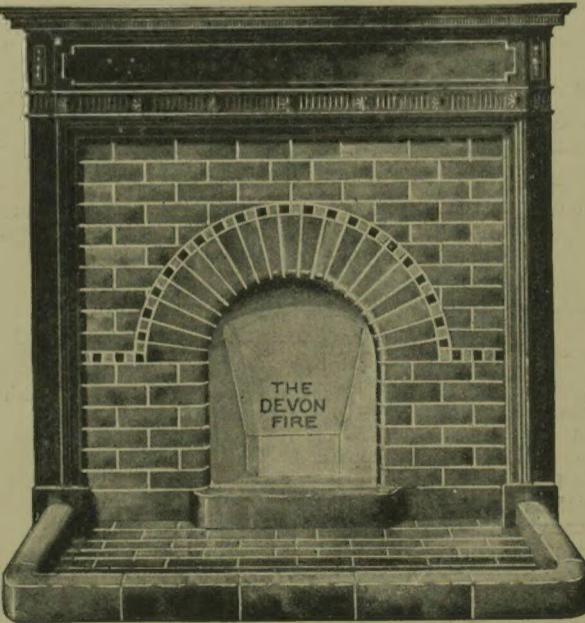
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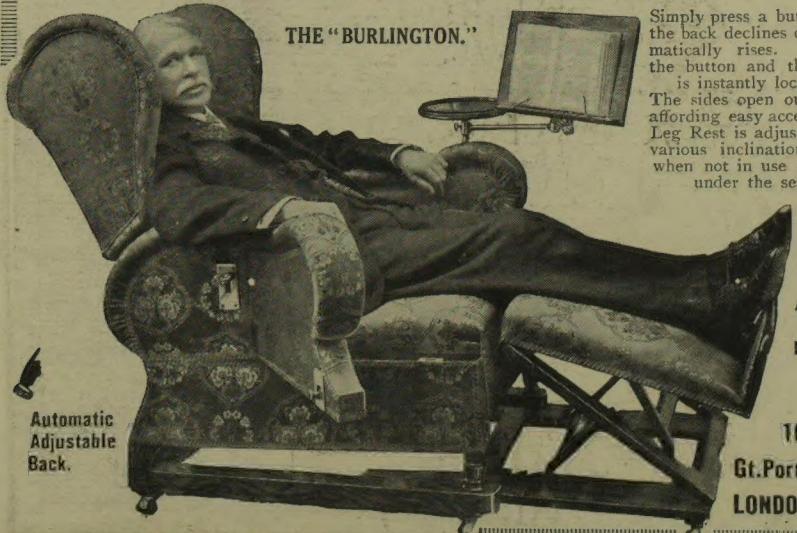
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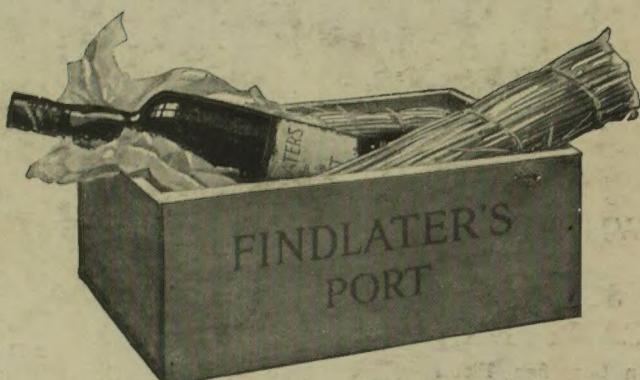
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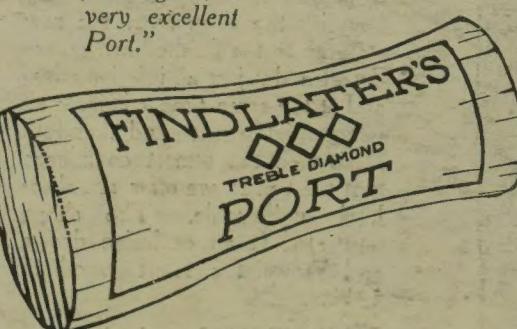
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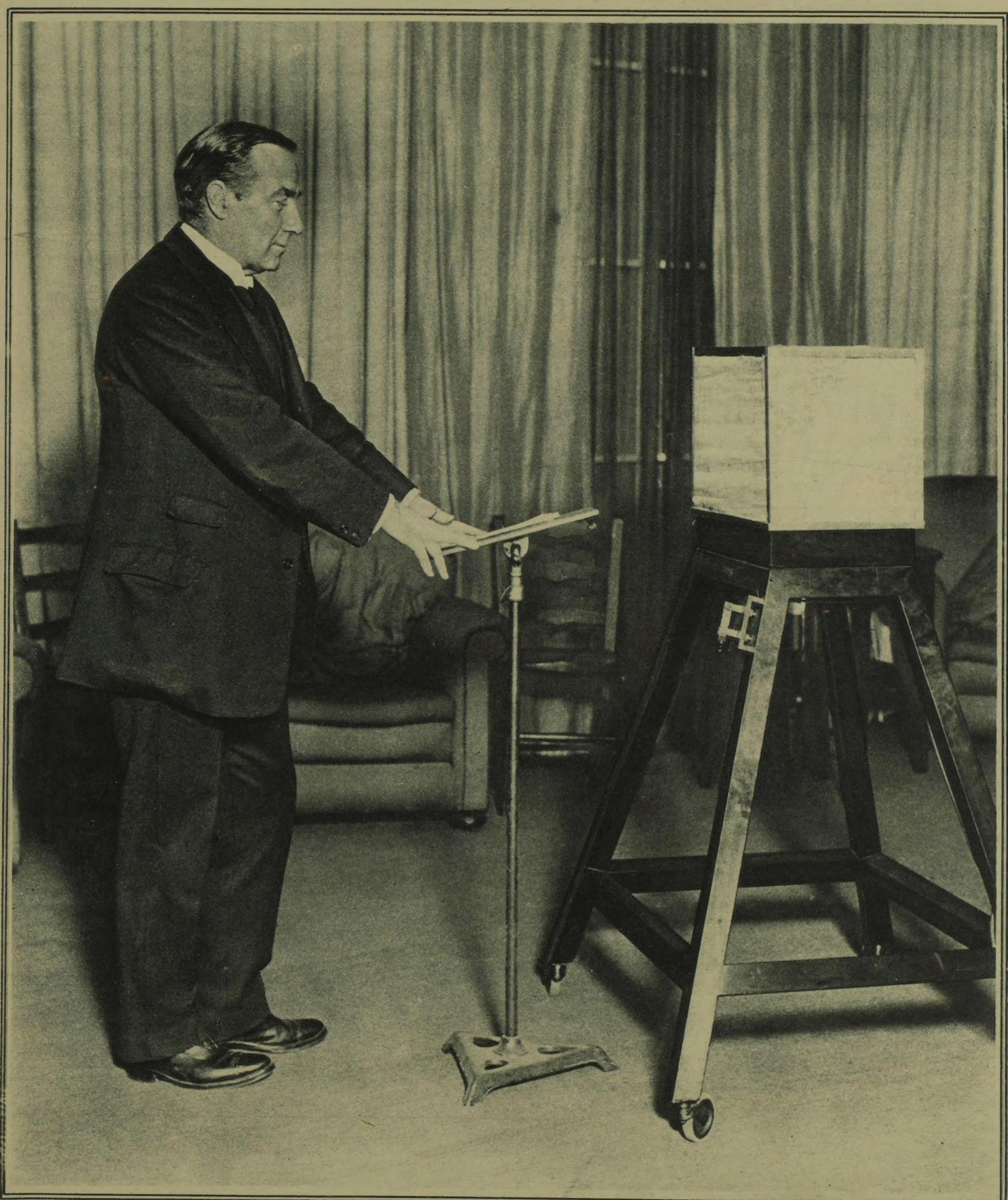
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1924.

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THE FIRST USE OF RADIO BY PARTY LEADERS IN A GENERAL ELECTION: MR. BALDWIN READING HIS ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC INTO A MICROPHONE AT THE LONDON HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY.

For the first time in political history, the leaders of the three Parties in the General Election—Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald—made use of broadcasting for transmitting speeches to listeners throughout the country. Mr. Baldwin, however, was the only one who delivered a special address into a microphone at "2 LO," the London Headquarters of the British Broadcasting

Company. This he did on October 16, with remarkable effect. The other speeches were made at public meetings in Paisley and Glasgow respectively. Mr. Asquith was clearly heard in London, but Mr. Macdonald did not "broadcast" well, owing to his oratorical devices of raising and lowering his voice, turning from side to side, and striding about the platform at various distances from the microphone.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THAT Galileo was burned by the Inquisition, that the Bible declares the wind to be tempered to the shorn lamb, that Milton wrote about fresh fields and pastures new, that Jesuits said that the end justifies the means, that Abraham Lincoln waged a war against slavery in respectful imitation of John Brown, that the English Catechism says that people should remain in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, that a fallacy means a falsehood, and Darwin discovered evolution—these ideas are fixed firmly in the modern mind and woven into the very texture of modern journalism. It seems doubtful whether anybody will ever succeed in stopping them now. We can only confine ourselves to pointing out, as one or other of them appears in print, that none of them ever had the faintest shadow of foundation; that they are vulgar errors now hopelessly vulgarised. Most of them had become hopelessly vulgarised before you or I were born. It is doubtful whether even our giant efforts will eradicate them before we die. But there is one thing that is perhaps even more interesting than trying to eradicate them, when once they are rooted. It is noticing a new falsehood (or what they would call a new fallacy) springing from a new seed.

I have seen a legend of this kind grow before my own eyes. I have been led to notice it, because I had something to do with the reality on which the legend was founded—in so far as anything so legendary can be said to be founded on anything. It may be called the legend of The Servile State, the social entity about which Mr. Hilaire Belloc wrote a remarkable book some years before the war. Those who have read the book, and taken the trouble to follow its rather close economic argument, have very often been convinced by it; generally concerned, even if not convinced. Those who have not read the book have advertised the book everywhere; they have trumpeted and blazoned the book to the four winds of heaven and the four quarters of the world. They have made the title of the book as well known as a widely advertised pill or patent medicine; they have taught people to say Servile State as they say Sunlight Soap. And all the time they had not the faintest notion of what the book is all about. Never was a mere phrase better broadcast than was the name of this book by all the people who never thought of reading it. But, what was still more extraordinary, these people seemed to develop a fixed delusion that they had read it, or that they knew all about it without reading it. They were willing to tell anybody what was inside the book; and it was something totally different from what is really there. It seems to me worth recording as a curiosity of literature—or of indifference to literature.

The last victim of this delusion I find is Mr. Arnold Lunn, who has written a book that criticises both Mr. Belloc and myself, for religious reasons not suitable for discussion here. Later, or elsewhere, I may perhaps comment on some of his curious views. The point here is that he sternly rebukes Mr. Belloc for misleading me, and me for listening to what Mr. Belloc says. But it never seems to occur to him to find out what Mr. Belloc says. Apparently Mr. Arnold Lunn has never read the book called "The Servile State." He is only quite certain that I have read it, and quite certain of what it says. I know that Mr. Lunn is unacquainted with the theory in question because he describes it as follows: "Belloc's book,

'The Servile State,' conclusively proved that Englishmen were offering no resistance to the gradual approach of that bureaucratic state whose citizens will be divided into Government servants and Government serfs." In the book itself there is nothing whatever about a bureaucratic state, and nothing whatever about bureaucracy. There is nothing about everybody serving the Government, or about anybody serving the Government. There is not a word to suggest that there would be any more Government officials than there are now. There is not a word to suggest that any Government official would have more power than he has now. It does, indeed, imply the passage of a new servile law; but its effects would not be particularly bureaucratic; it would rather resemble the increase of private powers than of public offices. It most certainly does not describe the slave-owner merely as the Government servant. It describes the slave-owner as the free man, as he was described in pagan times, as he was when he was a squire in Old Virginia. The truth is that Mr. Lunn

all. The worker would no longer be threatened with the sack. The master would no longer be threatened with the strike. This new settlement would seem to many people, possibly to most people, a very sensible social reform. But this sensible settlement would be a servile settlement. It would reproduce exactly the essential realities of the slave state of pagan antiquity, for there would be one class bound to work by fixed status and not by free contract. But it would not reproduce anything in the least resembling bureaucracy; still less the turning of all citizens into officials of the State. In short, Mr. Lunn has made a very bad guess not only about the theory of the book, but even about the subject of the book. Incredible as he may think it, the subject of the volume called "The Servile State" really is the Servile State. It is not a metaphorical term as applied to Socialism; but a literal term as applied to South Carolina. Doubtless it is often difficult to calculate the exact contents of a book entirely from the title printed on the binding; but it is well not to leave out altogether the possibility that it may mean what it says.



ANATOLE FRANCE AFTER DEATH: A UNIQUE RECORD.

The drawing which we publish here is of unique though tragic interest, for it represents the great French writer as he lay in death, and, as the artist states in sending it to us, no photographs were allowed to be taken. Anatole France died at his home, La Béchellerie, near Tours. There was no post-mortem examination, but the brain was removed to be preserved in a sealed casket in the coffin. The body was later conveyed to M. France's house in Paris, the Villa Said, where it lay in state until the funeral on October 18.

From the Drawing by A. Derso.

has heard somewhere that Mr. Belloc is opposed to Socialism, and has simply jumped to the conclusion that "The Servile State" must be an abusive nickname for State Socialism—or at least for some sort of State interference. But the Servile State has nothing to do with the Socialist State, beyond the suggestion that Slavery will be victorious because Socialism will be defeated.

The real idea in the book, which I think very important, is an economic idea and concerns the future of employer and employed. As Mr. Arnold Lunn, in his sturdy Puritan fashion, seemingly refuses to read the books he criticises, I will tell him what the idea is. It suggests that employers and employed, in a world of contracts conditioned by capitalism, have come to a crisis in which both feel insecure. Thus one is afraid of strikes and the other of unemployment. Both might find a superficial relief by a new settlement, in which the employers should agree to support the workers altogether, and the workers consent to work, and consent once and for

guilds were an attempt to organise trade upon a Christian theory of fellowship and mutual help. It is an equally hard historical fact that modern industrial capitalism was nothing of the sort. It was and is exactly the opposite; I do not mean in practice but in purpose. It was and is founded on a non-Christian theory of the advantages of selfishness and materialism. These are not terms of abuse, or even terms in dispute. It would be easy to quote the very passages of Adam Smith and the Utilitarians in which they preached this cynical optimism of the social value of selfish action. We have tried that cynical optimism for a hundred years. The result is that the optimism is gone and nothing but the cynicism remains. Mr. Lunn gravely discusses whether industrialism does this or that for its employees. All that it does at present is to throw them out of employment. The truth is that the whole industrial system is already in ruins; we have to build again anyhow. He must not be surprised if we look for suggestions to those who built on brotherhood and not on betrayal, and tried to be ruled by reason and not by chance.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 763, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or two-pence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

SAVING "THE HONOUR OF SPANISH ARMS": THE RELIEF OF SHESUAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PHOTOPRESS.



AFTER THE RELIEF OF SHESUAN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SPANISH FORCES BIVOUACED OUTSIDE THE CITY, SHOWING THE KALA HILLS, AMONG WHICH SPANISH ADVANCE POSTS ARE SITUATED.



WHERE A SPANISH GARRISON HELD OUT AGAINST MOORISH ATTACKS UNTIL RELIEVED BY GENERAL SERRANO'S TROOPS: THE FORTIFIED RAILWAY STATION AT ZINAT, WITH SAND-BAG DEFENCES.



THE SPANISH COMMANDER WHO LED THE RELIEVING COLUMN TO SHESUAN: GENERAL SERRANO (RIGHT) AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS ENTERING THE CITY.



FRIENDLY TO THE SPANIARDS, AND PROMINENT IN THE DEFENCE OF THE CITY: ABDEL NAJI EL BA-KALI, THE PASHA OF SHESUAN, WITH HIS HORSE IN DECORATIVE HARNESS.



REGARDED BY THE MOORS AS A HOLY CITY: A PICTURESQUE PLAZA IN SHESUAN, WHERE THE SPANISH GARRISON OF 3000 MEN WAS BESIEGED FOR OVER A MONTH.

The relief of Shesuan, by a column under General Serrano, was a brilliant success for the Spanish arms. The city, which contained a Spanish garrison of 3000, had been cut off from Tetuan and the main Spanish forces for over a month, and the situation was becoming critical. The success was due to the new strategy employed by the Marquis de Estella, President of the Spanish Directory, who has since assumed the position of High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Morocco. On arriving at Tetuan early in September, he at once withdrew the Spanish posts in the Wad Lau and other districts, and concentrated a force of 120,000 men at Tetuan. After Tetuan had been made secure by clearing the surrounding hills of Moors, the advance on Shesuan was begun, and the Spanish

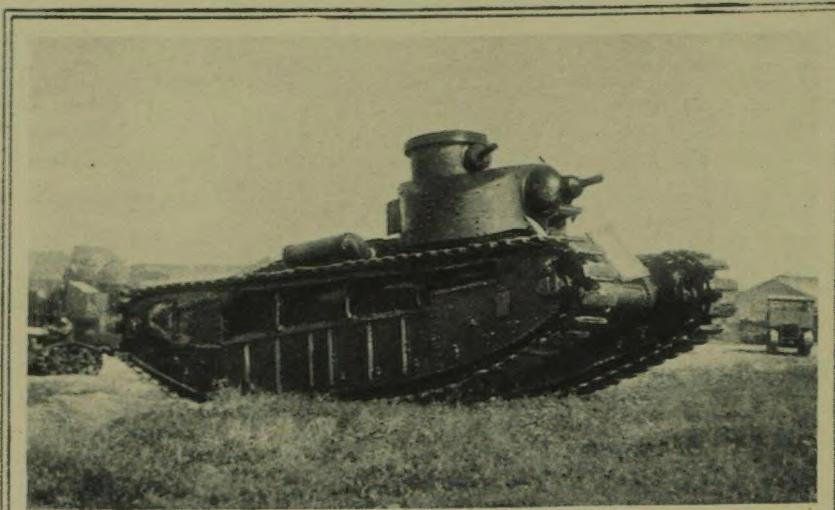
columns had to cover 30 miles of very difficult hill country. General Serrano entered the city at 12.30 p.m. on September 29. This success greatly strengthened the Spanish position, and opened a new phase of the war, but there were still many outlying posts to be relieved, especially the important one at Sok-el-Khamis. The Moors made a furious attack on various garrisons retiring to that position, and the most desperate fighting of the campaign occurred, with heavy losses on both sides. The system of small advance-posts has proved very costly to the Spanish. Sok-el-Khamis, which contained 4000 troops and a number of civilians, was relieved on October 16. The Marquis de Estella recently issued a stirring order to his army calling on them "to save the honour of Spanish arms."

THE U.S. ARMY'S MODERN WEAPONS: TANKS; SMOKE-SCREENS; GUNS.

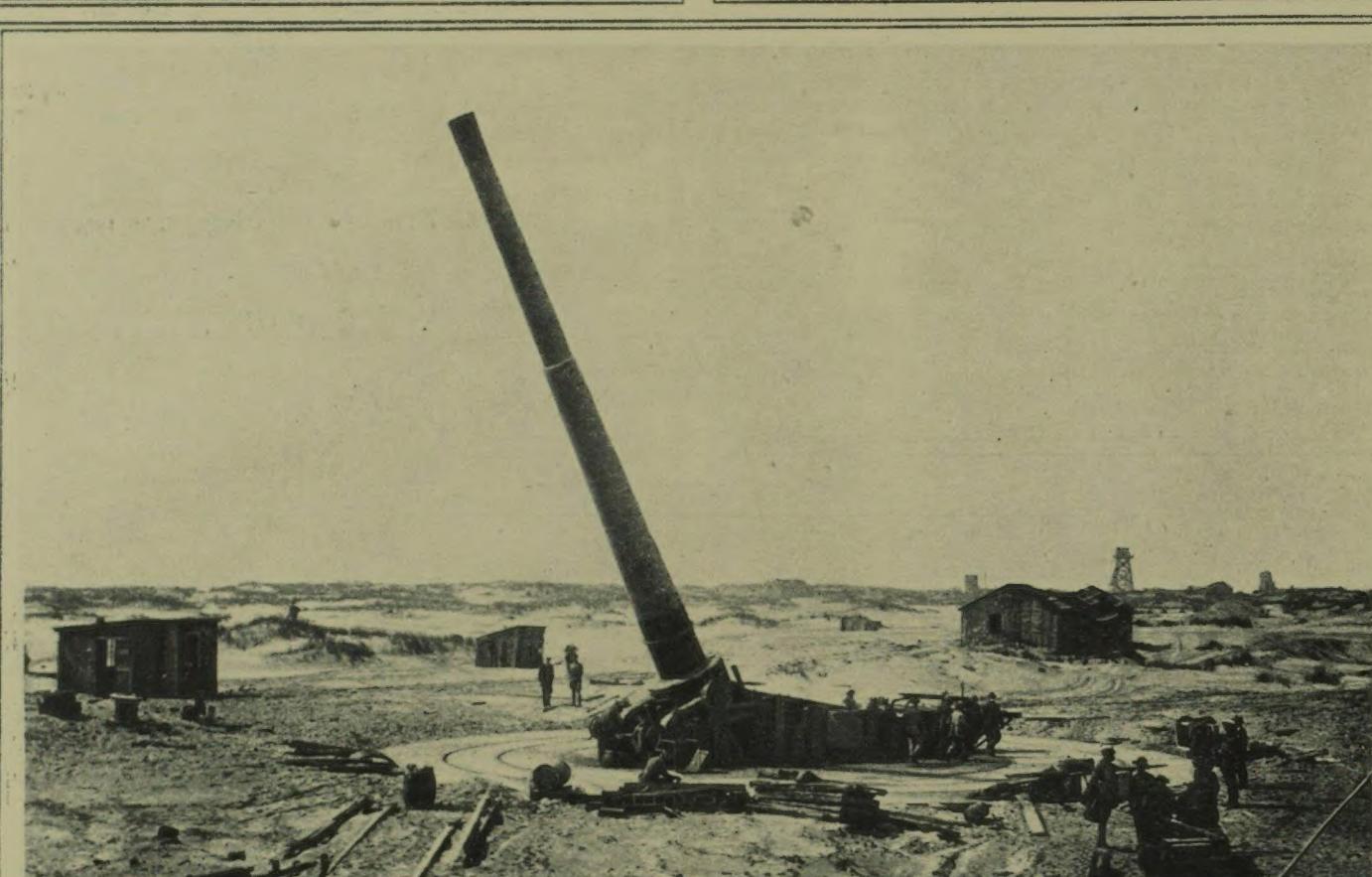
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KADEL AND HERBERT, SUPPLIED BY CENTRAL PRESS; NO. 2, BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



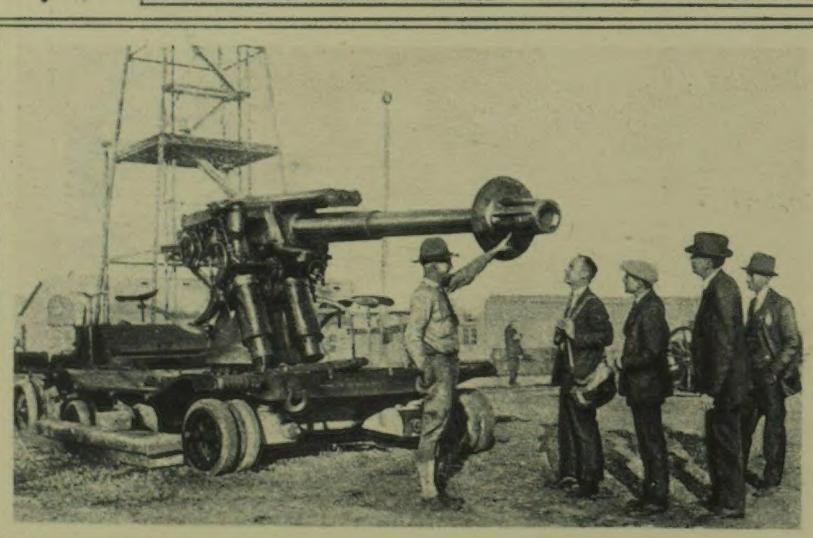
1. A NEW DEPARTURE IN CHEMICAL WARFARE: A TANK THROWING OUT A SMOKE-SCREEN; WITH OPERATORS IN GAS-MASKS.



2. WEIGHING 40 TONS AND ARMED WITH TWO SIX-POUNDERS AND FIVE MACHINE-GUNS: A GIANT TANK, DRIVEN BY A TWELVE-CYLINDER LIBERTY ENGINE.



3. AT AN EXTRAORDINARY ELEVATION: THE FIRST FIRING TEST OF A NEW 16-INCH GUN, WITH A RANGE OF 35 MILES, AN IMPORTANT UNIT IN THE DEFENCE SYSTEM OF NEW YORK: THE GUN MOUNTED IN A CONCRETE PIT AT FORT TILDEN.



4. A NEW FLASH-ELIMINATOR ATTACHED TO THE MUZZLE OF A 4.7-INCH GUN: ONE OF THE LATEST ORDNANCE APPLIANCES.



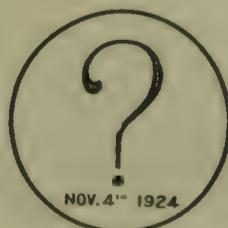
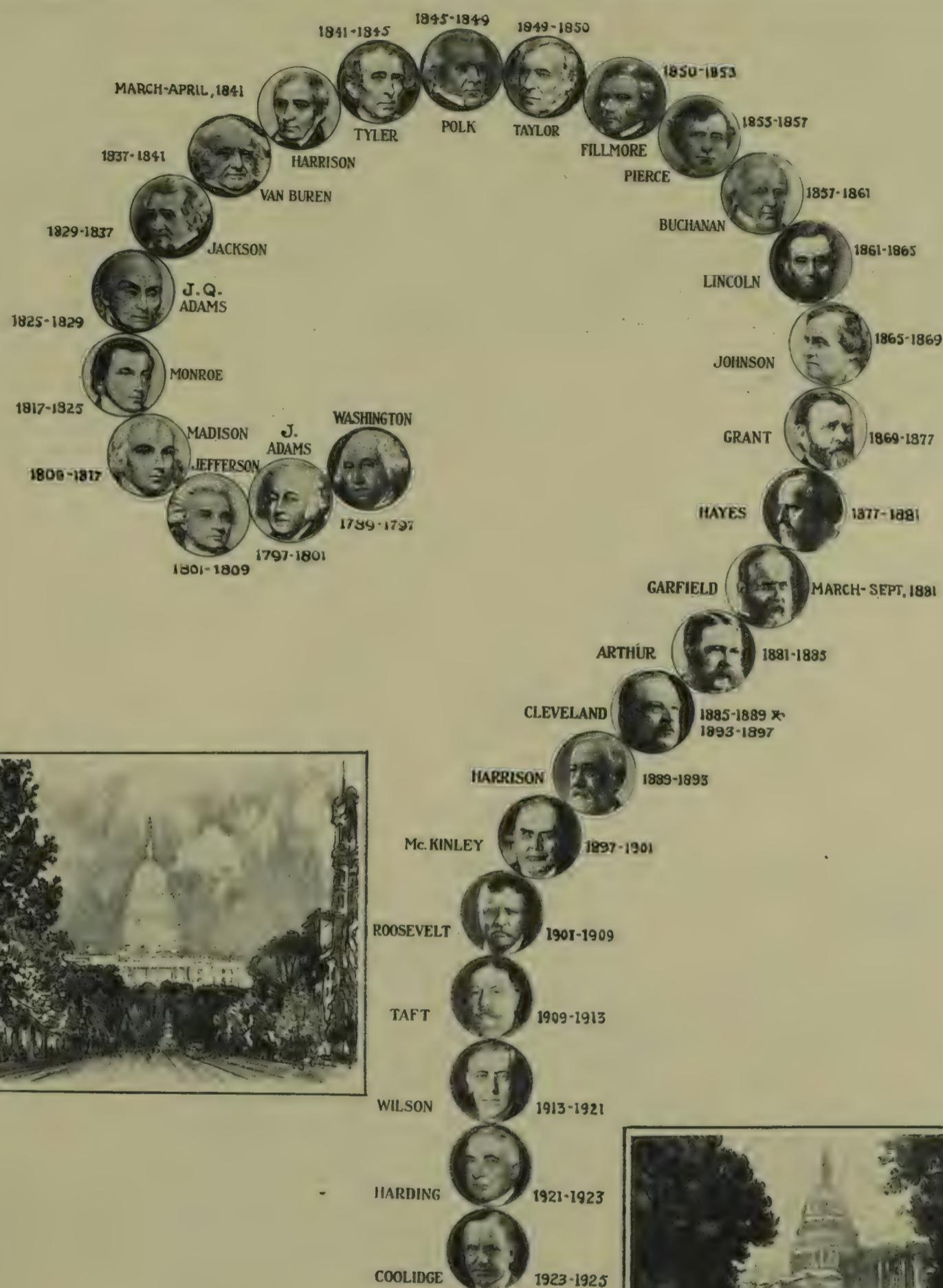
5. TESTING VARIOUS NEW TYPES OF SIGNAL ROCKETS: A REMARKABLY VIVID "PYROTECHNIC" DISPLAY AT ABERDEEN, MD.

The United States Army is well equipped with the latest devices in tanks and artillery, as shown in the above photographs, which were taken during recent ordnance tests on the Army Proving Ground, at Aberdeen, Md. A note supplied with Photograph No. 2 says: "This giant tank, that carries a crew of one officer and eleven men, was designed during the World War by the joint British and American Commission particularly for use in breaking the strong Hindenburg Line. One hundred of these tanks have been built since the war. It weighs 40 tons, has a speed of six miles per hour, its armour is 5-8-inch thick, and

its motive power is derived from a twelve-cylinder Liberty engine. It is equipped with two six-pounders and five machine guns." The description of No. 3 is as follows: "The first firing test of the new 16-inch gun was made at Fort Tilden. It has a range of thirty-five miles, and is an important unit in New York's defence system. The gun is mounted in a huge concrete pit, and was built at the Federal arsenal at Watervliet, N.Y., being shipped to Fort Tilden in three sections. It is entirely operated by electricity." This enormous gun is said to be the largest in the world.

THE QUESTION IN AMERICAN POLITICS TO-DAY: THE NEXT PRESIDENT?

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD. INSET DRAWINGS REPRODUCED FROM LITHOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH PENNELL, PUBLISHED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MARCH 5, 1921, AND MARCH 15, 1913.



WITH PORTRAITS OF ALL PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM WASHINGTON TO COOLIDGE: A "NOTE OF INTERROGATION" ON THE COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—(INSET) TWO DRAWINGS OF THE CAPITOL.

While we in this country are in the throes of a General Election, the people of the United States are eagerly canvassing the prospective results of the Presidential election on November 4. Who will be the next President? That is the great question, which in the above illustration has been ingeniously arranged in the form of a large note of interrogation, containing the portrait of every President, from George Washington to Calvin Coolidge. There are three candidates in the field—Mr. Coolidge himself, the Republican nominee; Mr. John W. Davis (ex-American Ambassador to Great Britain), nominated by the Democrats; and Senator La Follette,

representing the new Progressive party. Regarding the former Presidents, it may be noted that several of them held office twice. Thus George Washington became the first President on April 6, 1789, and was re-elected on March 4, 1793. Grover Cleveland was President from 1885 to 1889, and again, following Benjamin Harrison, from 1893 to 1897. Only one portrait of President Cleveland appears above. Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson both had two consecutive terms of office. John Adams, the second President, was the father of John Quincy Adams, the sixth. The drawings show the Capitol at Washington.

The Perfect "Mishmash": The Garden in Three Forms.

"MEDIÆVAL GARDENS."

By the late SIR FRANK CRISP; Edited by Catherine Childs Paterson.*

IN unfair belittlement of himself and of his industry in relaxation, Sir Frank Crisp was wont to describe his collection of pictures of gardens as "a mishmash of illustrations." Not less modest, his daughter, collating and commenting, dubs her work mere "notes." The apologies are not necessary. Reproductions and remarks are illuminating and interesting in high degree, and give admirable idea of ancestral gardens: "Gardens and pleasant things to be made by art with Trees, Herbs and Fruits"; Gardens of Herbs; "medium gardens" for "medium people"; and "gardens of Kings and other illustrious and rich lords." In fact, of the garden of the "Dark Ages" and of the enlightened years in its three forms and its numberless varieties—from the bare, wattle-ringed "yard" and from the beautiful simplicity of "flowery mede" to the "enclosing wall, a fountain and a tree," and to the elaborate ingenuities of knots and mazes, "embroideries" and parterres, arbours and "tunnels," mounts and "anticke" topiary; from the strictly utilitarian Herb Garden of monastery and castle to the Orchard or Pleasaunce; and from the Flower Garden that was a "Nosegai Garden" containing "the herbs and flowres used to make nosegaies and garlands of," and a "garden for herbes of a good smell," to the Flower Garden that won back long-lost favour in the reign of Elizabeth, and continues to this day.

A frivolous thing this last. The earlier gardens of the Middle Ages knew none of the amenities of those of Pliny's Villa—"the terrace adjoining the house, the lawn declining thence, the little flower garden with the fountain in the centre, the walks bordered with box, and the trees sheared into whimsical artificial forms . . . the fountains, alcoves, and summer-houses": they were avowedly valued only for their contributions to pot and potion.

The mediæval Herb Garden—cramped and sparsely sown—contained herbs for culinary purposes and medicinal, or "physic," herbs. "It has been said that 'in primitive times men looked at plants as food, or as medicines for themselves and poison for their enemies,' to which may be added their use for love philtres." Flowers were in the Herb Garden, but they were there not to satisfy the eye or the nose, but to mitigate the ills of mankind. "The juyce of Roses, especially of Roses that are reddest, or the infusion or decoction of them . . . openeth the stoppings of the liuer. . . . It is also good to be vsed against the shaking, beating, and trembling of the hart. . . . The roote of the white Lillie . . . pounde with Hony, joyneth together sinewes that are cut. . . . The same boyled in vineger causeth the Cornes which be in the feete to fall off if it be kepte upon the said Cornes as a playster. . . . The same mengled with oyle or grease, bringeth the heare agayne vpon places that haue bene either burned or scalded. . . . The syrupe of Violets is good against the inflammation of the lunges and breast . . . and cureth all inflammation and roughnesse of the throte if it be kept or often holden in the mouth." Further: "Violets were grown as salad herbs and eaten raw with onions and lettuce, and both violets, roses and primroses were cooked and served with milk, sugar or honey." All very good for the comforting of the monks, the doctoring of the poor, and the preservation of feudal retainers and men of war; but not an addition to the joys of life.

The want was supplied later—by the Orchard, or Pleasaunce. But simplicity remained: Flowers were few, for the hand of the horticulturist had not tamed the wild and tampered with them. The velvet of the grass and the shade of the trees were the sole attractions as often as not; the flowery mede was of Nature's making—a glory of green with the spangling of white daisy and yellow buttercup, of shy violet and flaunting marigold. The rose was still almost a sweetbriar. At first, even,

there were no seats—the turf was the natural resting-place until some pioneer devised the "verdaunt and flowery" banks of raised earth, predecessors of those early seventeenth-century "bankes and seats of Camomile, Peny-royall, Dasis and Violets . . . seemly and comfortable." Desire for space was one reason for this. The Orchard was not as we know it. Often, indeed, it was tilting-ground as well as trysting-place; and it included meadows for sports and games, as well as fruit-trees and flowers. On occasion it was a "Field of Cloth of Gold": "Charlemagne received the Ambassadors from the last pagan King of Spain in an 'Orchard' where 15,000 men were stretched upon the white carpet."

hyssop, thyme or other plants that were low growing or could be clipped. The designs could be merely geometrical in complicated as well as simple forms, or laid out to show beasts, birds, or heraldic and other forms; the intervening spaces were filled in with different coloured earths, and the paths, when not of grass, were covered with loose sand. . . . Closed knots had the spaces between the lines of plants filled with flowers of one colour, so that the knot appeared as if 'made of divers coloured ribbons.' But it was not always so. Markham has it: "First, for your mettalls; you shall make your Yeallow, either of a yeallow clay vsually to be had almost in every place, or the yeallowest sand, or for want of

both, of your Flanders Tile, which is to be bought of every Iron-munger or Chandelor; and any of these you must beate to dust; for your White you shall make it of the coursest chalke beaten to dust, or of well-burnt plaister, or, for necessarie, of lime, but that will soone decay. Your Blache is to be made of your best and purest coale-dust, well clensed and sifted; your Red is to be made of broken vselesse bricken beaten to dust, and well clensed from spots; your Blew is to be made of white-chalke, and blache coale-dust mixed together, till the blache haue brought the white to a perfect blewnes; lastly your Greene, both for the naturall property belonging to your Garden, as also for better continuance and long lasting; you shall make of Camomill, well planted where any such colour is to be vsed, as for the rest of the colours, you shall sift them and strew them into their proper places, and then with a flat beating-Beetell you shall beate it, and incorporate it with the earth, and as any of the colours shall decay, you shall diligently repaire them, and the luster will be most beautifull." Quite an idea for a modern city roof-garden—even if the "Camomill" will not grow! Flowers and plants in general were ignored in this connection less in the interests of economy than because they were comparatively scarce and because their irregular growth was apt to ruin symmetry. And, be it noted further, "the forms of the knots of Mediæval Gardens were probably . . . founded on . . . designs on the pavements of churches."

Certainly it was so with the mazes and labyrinths. "'Labyrinth' and 'maze' are almost constantly used as synonymous terms. 'Labyrinth,' however, is more properly applicable to arrangements which are simply a question of length. If you go on (and on) you are bound to get to the centre.

"The term 'Maze,' on the other hand, is more properly applicable to those arrangements which have at various points a 'block' which obliges a visitor to retrace his steps.

"Labyrinths were indicated by devices inlaid in coloured marble on the floors of Continental cathedrals, and churches, or cut in turf outside; the former began to abound in the early part of the twelfth century. In the first instance they were purely symbolic, indicative of the complicated folds of sin by which man is surrounded. Later, when the Crusades were drawing to a close, labyrinths became instruments for performing penance for non-fulfilment of vows of pilgrimage to the Holy Land, or penance for sins of omission and commission in general, penitents being ordered to follow out all the sinuous courses upon their hands and knees, repeating so many prayers at fixed stations."

Still more fantastic was the topiary work, and here, again, as in the case of the knots, scarcity of material was a factor. There were

but few kinds of shrubs, so that "the variety in form given by the topiary's art made up for any deficiency in their natural diversity."

Thus one might quote column after column—and never a dull line. "Mediæval Gardens" is essentially a picture-book—there are 539 illustrations in its two finely-produced volumes—but the text must also have its measure of praise: without it the reproductions, excellent and infinitely varied as they are, would lack coherence and lose in point.

E. H. G.



A VERDANT SEAT IN A MEDIÆVAL GARDEN: A TURF-TOPPED "BENCH" PLANTED WITH FLOWERS.

Reproduced from "Mediæval Gardens," by Courtesy of the Editor and of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.

Ornament still waited upon use. Then, as the years passed, the garden grew in fairness and fantasy. There came the brightly-coloured palings—in Chelsea yellow, green, and blue and red; fountains; formed "beds"; bathing-pits and such-like vanities. With them borders of "living herbs" and "dead materials"; stone and brick seats counteracting those liable to be "moist and foul"; "mounts" permitting extended



A FLOWERY MEDE; WITH A TENT: PART OF A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY—"THE LADY AND THE UNICORN"—AT THE CLUNY MUSEUM.

Reproduced from "Mediæval Gardens," by Courtesy of the Editor and of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.

views; ornate shelters and cloister-like walks; gay tents; "bestes in timber"; pots of metal and of earthenware; the labyrinth; lattice-work contrived with wood and wire and osiers, "but wyar is the better"; with the "Hortus Conclusus," a garden within a garden, and with cultivation so sought that the church of the monastery was placed to the north "so that it might not obstruct the sunlight." Fancy had full play. The curiosities of gardening flourished.

Let us look to the knot and to the maze. "Open knots had the design set out in lines of box, rosemary,

* "Mediæval Gardens, 'Flowery Medes,' and Other Arrangements of Herbs, Flowers and Shrubs Grown in the Middle Ages; with Some Account of Tudor, Elizabethan, and Stuart Gardens." By the late Sir Frank Crisp, Bt. Edited by his Daughter, Catherine Childs Paterson. With Illustrations from Original Sources, Collected by the Author. Two Volumes. (John Lane; The Bodley Head; £6 6s. net.)

"THE FIRST ELECTION POSTER": A CANDIDATE FOR THE ROMAN CONSULSHIP.

FROM THE PAINTING BY STEVEN SPURRIER R.O.I.



PICTORIAL PROPAGANDA USED BY A ROMAN ADMIRAL WHEN STANDING FOR THE CONSULSHIP: L. HOSTILIUS MANCINUS DEMONSTRATING HIS ACHIEVEMENTS AT THE SIEGE OF CARTHAGE WITH A HUGE PAINTING OF THE SCENE.

Just as modern politicians promote their cause with posters, so it appears that in ancient Rome pictorial propaganda was not unknown in electioneering. Our artist's drawing represents an incident recorded in Pliny's Natural History, and the story, as given by that writer, runs somewhat as follows. L. Hostilius Mancinus, commanding the fleet at Carthage, found means of entering the town, just before the arrival of Scipio Africanus, who was taking over supreme charge.

Mancinus was in difficulties, and Scipio arrived there only just in time to extricate the admiral. Sent back to Rome, Mancinus had a huge picture painted of Carthage and the attack, himself showing the people the places and situations, without forgetting, apparently, that in which he imagined himself to have triumphed. So successful was this that he won the consulate at the first election after the taking of Carthage.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF TOPICAL EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, CENTRAL PRESS, G.P.U., THE "TIMES," P. AND A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE FUNERAL OF ANATOLE FRANCE IN PARIS: THE CATAFALQUE, WITH SMOKING CRESSETS AT THE CORNERS, ON THE QUAI MALAQUAIS, CLOSE TO HIS BIRTHPLACE.



INAUGURATING A MOSQUE IN LONDON: HIS HOLINESS THE KHALIFATUL MASIH, HEAD OF THE AHMADIA SECT OF MOSLEMS, LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE AT SOUTHFIELDS.



THE NAVAL WAR MEMORIAL AT PORTSMOUTH: THE UNVEILING CEREMONY BY THE DUKE OF YORK.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT A PROMENADE CONCERT IN QUEEN'S HALL: THEIR MAJESTIES (IN THE GRAND CIRCLE, CENTRE BACKGROUND) AMONG THE AUDIENCE; AND SIR EDWARD ELGAR CONDUCTING.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (RIGHT) IN CANADA: A GROUP AT JASPER STATION DURING HIS VISIT TO THE NATIONAL PARK.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK INTERESTED IN JUVENILE WELFARE AT BRIGHTON AND HOVE: THE DUCHESS RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM GIRL GUIDES AT THE PAVILION.

The funeral of Anatole France, in Paris on October 18, was attended by President Doumergue and the Premier, M. Herriot, among a distinguished company. Speeches were delivered beside the catafalque near the statue of Voltaire on the Quai Malaquais, within a few yards of Anatole France's birthplace. The coffin was then taken in procession to the cemetery at Neuilly.—The foundation-stone of a Mohammedan mosque, to cost £10,000, was laid at Southfields on October 19 by his Holiness the Khalifatul Masih, head of the Ahmadiya sect of Moslems. Among those present was Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador.—The Duke of York unveiled on October 15 the Portsmouth naval war memorial on Southsea Common. Two identical monuments are at Plymouth



A LOST DANISH EXPLORER FOUND IN BAFFIN LAND: MR. PETER FREUCHEN, WITH HIS ESKIMO WIFE, THEIR CHILDREN, AND A DANISH SERVANT GIRL.

and Chatham. On the 17th the Duke and Duchess watched a display organised by the Brighton and Hove Juvenile Welfare Council.—The King and Queen paid a tribute to the work of Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra by attending a Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall on October 15. Sir Edward Elgar, Master of the King's Music, conducted his own "Cockaigne" Overture.—Our photograph of the Prince of Wales shows him with General Trotter (left) and Colonel S. Maynard Rogers, Superintendent of the Jasper National Park, Alberta.—Peter Freuchen, a Danish explorer who had been missing in the Arctic since 1920, was found in Baffin Land, with his toes frozen off, by Captain Pedersen, of the Danish schooner "Sokongen," recently arrived at Aberdeen.

THE ELECTION'S FEMININE SIDE: WOMEN CANDIDATES AND SUPPORTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., CENTRAL PRESS TOPICAL, McLAREN STAR PHOTOS. (PERTH), PHOTOPRESS, AND L.N.A.



CANVASSING FOR DAME HELEN Gwynne-VAUGHAN (UNIONIST), OPPOND MR. C. G. AMMON IN NORTH CAMBERWELL: A WOMAN SPEAKER ADDRESSING AN OPEN-AIR MEETING.

A WOMAN CANDIDATE TACKLES THE POLICE: MRS. MARY MIDDLETON, WHO IS CONTESTING THE WANSBECK DIVISION OF NORTHUMBERLAND AS A UNIONIST, CANVASSING IN HER DIVISION.



A WOMAN LABOUR CANDIDATE (FOR TOTNES) AS OPEN-AIR ORATOR: MISS K. SPURRELL SPEAKING IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT NEWTON ABBOT.



DISCUSSING "THE BURNING QUESTION" WITH A COAL-MAN. MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON (UNIONIST), EX-M.P. FOR BERWICK.



THE PEERESS EX-M.P. AGAIN STANDING FOR PERTH, KINROSS AND WESTERN: THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL (U.) WITH THE DUKE (LEFT) AND HER AGENT, MR. S. G. MICEL.



A WELL-KNOWN WOMAN PHYSICIAN AS A LABOUR CANDIDATE AGAIN IN EAST ISLINGTON: DR. ETHEL BENTHAM CANVASSING WOMEN VOTERS.



DAUGHTER OF DR. MACNAMARA: MRS. E. C. ELIAS, LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR SOUTH-EAST SOUTHWARK, ARRIVING WITH HER SON AT SOUTHWARK TOWN HALL.



CHOSSEN IN PLACE OF HER HUSBAND, THE HON. BERTRAND RUSSELL (WHO IS ILL), AS LABOUR CANDIDATE FOR CHELSEA: MRS. RUSSELL CANVASSING COAL-MEN.

Forty-one women were nominated for Parliament on October 18, including 22 Labour candidates, 12 Unionists, 6 Liberals, and one Independent. At the last General Election the number of women candidates was 33, and the eight who were elected comprised three Unionists (Lady Astor, the Duchess of Atholl, and Mrs. Hilton Philipson), two Liberals (Lady Terrington and Mrs. Wintringham), and three Labour Members (Miss Margaret Bondfield, Miss Susan Lawrence, and Miss Dorothea Jewson). All these eight are again standing for the new Parliament. Portraits of them appeared in our issue of October 18 along with those

of 22 other women since nominated. Portraits of ten of the others appear on another page of this issue. As is well known, Lady Astor was the first woman to take her seat in the House of Commons. She is of American birth, and the first Englishwoman to sit as M.P. was Mrs. Wintringham.—Mrs. Hilton Philipson was formerly well known on the stage as Miss Mabel Russell.—The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, who is a daughter of Sir Frederick Black, is the second wife of the Hon. Bertrand Russell, F.R.S., son of the late Viscount Amberley, and author of "The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism."

HUMOURS AND CURIOSITIES OF ELECTIONEERING: PARTY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., L.N.A.



A POSTER AS LARGE AS A HOUSE: CAPTAIN WARD (UNIONIST), WHOSE WITHDRAWAL PREVENTED A THREE-CORNED CONTEST, POINTING TO HIS GIANT PLACARD AT EAST HAM.



RAILWAY CARRIAGE-WINDOW EXPRESSIONS—LIBERAL: MR. LLOYD GEORGE (RIGHT) AND SIR ALFRED MOND LEAVING EUSTON FOR CARNARVON.



THE UNIONIST LEADER'S LUCKY HORSES: MR. BALDWIN (HOLDING HORSES-SIDE), SIR DOUGLAS HOGG,

LEADERS AND NOTABLE CANDIDATES ON CANVASSING INTENT:

KEYSTONE, ALFIERI, AND TOPICAL.



(L. TO R.) MRS. BALDWIN, LORD LINLITHGOW, FREDERICK HALL (CHAIRMAN), AND SIR



RAILWAY CARRIAGE-WINDOW EXPRESSIONS—LABOUR: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (HOLDING RED CARNATIONS) WITH HIS DAUGHTER ISABEL, LEAVING FOR SCOTLAND.



A WOMAN LABOUR CANDIDATE'S SLOGAN: A PLACARD OVER MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE'S COMMITTEE ROOMS, HIGH STREET, EAST HAM.



SPEAKING THROUGH "LOUD SPEAKERS": MR. J. L. TATTERSALL (LIB.) WITH A VOICE-AMPLIFIER IN HIS MOTOR VAN, IN THE STALYBRIDGE AND HYDE DIVISION OF CHESHIRE.



CANVASSING AT WEMBLEY: MAJOR I. SALMON (UNIONIST) ADDRESSING EXHIBITION EMPLOYEES IN THE ENTRANCE GROTTO OF THE GREAT RACER.



FRAMED IN A GIANT HORSE-SHOE PRESENTED BY WOMEN SUPPORTERS: LADY ASTOR (S) STARTING TO CANVASS IN THE SUTTON DIVISION OF PLYMOUTH.



IN A COSTER'S BARROW, WALLED IN BY HER ELECTION PLACARDS: MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE DISCOURSED ON THE RUSSIAN LOAN IN WALTON STREET, EAST HAM.



THE LABOUR SON OF THE UNIONIST LEADER: MR. OLIVER BALDWIN CANVASSING HIS NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS AT DUDLEY.



A WOMAN CANDIDATE DESCENDS A COAL-MINE "CAGE" WITH SAFETY LANTERN AT MORPETH, NORTHUMBERLAND.



AMONG WOMEN VOTERS AT A LONDON CHARITY: SIR HENRY COWAN (UNIONIST) ADDRESSING INMATES OF ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTION IN THE NORTH ISLINGTON DIVISION.



PRESENTED WITH A MODEL OF A HOUSE AMONG OTHER ELECTION-MASCOTS: MAJOR HORACE BELISHA (LIBERAL), A HOUSING ENTHUSIAST, CHAIRED BY HIS SUPPORTERS AT DEVONPORT.

Electioneering has its humours and curiosities, as our photographs show. The first photograph shows an enormous poster, consisting of 196 sheets, made for Captain H. J. Ward, who was to have stood as a Unionist at East Ham (South), but withdrew, leaving a straight fight between Liberal and Labour.—Mr. Lloyd George is opposed at Carnarvon by Professor A. E. Zimmern (Labour).—Mr. Baldwin, who has been returned unopposed for the Bexley Division of Worcestershire, addressed a great London meeting in the Queen's Hall on October 15. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederick Hall, Bt., presided.—Mr. Ramsay Macdonald left Euston on October 13 for Glasgow, where he spoke that evening in the City Hall. Later he visited Manchester and Birmingham.—Miss Susan Lawrence is again contesting the North Division of East Ham, which she represented in the last Parliament. She is opposed by a Liberal, Mr. E. Edwards.—Mr. J. L. Tattersall is the Liberal candidate in a three-cornered contest in the Stalybridge and Hyde Division of Cheshire. His amplifier and

loud-speakers carry his voice 300 yards.—Major I. Salmon stands for Unionism in another three-cornered fight, in the Harrow Division of Middlesex. The Liberal is Sir Robert Blair, and the Labour candidate, Mr. K. Lindsay.—Mr. Oliver Baldwin does not follow in his father's political footsteps, but is contesting Dudley in the Labour interest against a Unionist, Mr. C. E. Lloyd.—At Morpeth, where unemployment is a burning question, Miss Irene Ward is opposing Mr. Robert Smillie (Labour) and Mr. J. Dodd (Liberal). Miss Ward recently went down a coal-pit to canvass the miners underground.—In North Islington Sir Henry Cowan (Unionist) is opposed by Mr. N. Sargent (Liberal) and Mr. E. G. Culpin (Labour). Sir Henry, who is the ex-Member, is Chairman of Messrs. Parkinson and W. and B. Cowan, and is a J.P. for Middlesex.—Major Leslie Horace Belisha won the Devonport Division of Plymouth for the Liberals in December 1923. He is a journalist, who served in the war with the R.A.S.C., and in 1919 was President of the Oxford Union.

Citrus Livius and the Nineteenth Century.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

DID we allow ourselves to be deceived by an attractive illusion? Must we renounce the hope of reading the complete text of Titus Livius? It seems so. The sensational rumours of the discovery at Naples of a precious manuscript were due, it appears, to a misunderstanding. But the conditions which produced this misunderstanding and the subsequent explanation are really very peculiar, and still remain rather mysterious.

I know that Di Martino had confided to his friends a year ago that he had discovered many parchments in the course of excavating under a house which belongs to him. He had said nothing as to what those parchments contained; but, although the subsoil of a great city is not exactly the place in which one would expect to find manuscripts, his word had been taken for it, partly from confidence in him personally, and partly because the house in question is built on the ruins of a very ancient church, to which a cemetery is attached. For a year the discovery of the mysterious parchments remained a secret. When all of a sudden the great news that Titus Livius had been discovered rang through the world, Europe and America were moved, despite the cares by which they were overwhelmed—the London Conference, Reparations, Dawes Scheme, Disarmament—and they turned anxiously towards Naples. Then suddenly everything crumbled away. Nothing remained—not even the mysterious parchments about which M. Di Martino had spoken to his friends a year before.

The end of the story, even if it is somewhat obscure, was not, indeed, unexpected by historians. They had never entertained many illusions as to the possibility of finding somewhere a complete text of their great Latin *confrère*. Neither shall we be called upon to assist at the instructive and paradoxical spectacle of the disappointment which a complete text of Livy would have been for the whole world. How many of those who interested themselves in the manuscripts were aware that Titus Livius had been one of the most maltreated of all the ancient writers by the nineteenth century? Not only his admirers, but even his readers, who up to the end of the eighteenth century were so numerous, became increasingly rare. Abandoned by the intellectual élite, he fell into the hands of philologists and professors, who were merciless. They discovered that he understood nothing of Roman history, and even that he was not a historian at all. Quite recently I had once more to defend him in Italy against an Italian critic of this school, who had repeated the same opinion.

The discovery of the complete text of his work would not have improved his position in the opinion of the recognised scholars of our time, and it would not have been able to restore to him the cultivated public, for the latter would not have read the new part of his work, any more than it read the old. It was of this decadence of Livy that I was specially thinking while all the world was over-excited about the Naples manuscripts; for it is not a simple "literary accident." As Livy's history is one of the greatest works of the human mind, these childish judgments of a school of scholarship at once blind and presumptuous are a symptom indicative, if not of the decadence, at least of the intellectual perturbation of our time. How are they to be explained? How was it that the greatest Roman historian and one of the greatest of all time was so despised and ill-used by a century which was much interested in the study of Rome, and which wrote about her and studied her history unceasingly?

The problem is a complex one. There is a curious misunderstanding between our epoch and that of Livy.

and the most instructive example of this misunderstanding is his judgment of Julius Caesar.

Livy was the great enemy of Julius Caesar. His history consists of 142 books, of which only 35 have been saved: the first ten, and the twenty which run from the twenty-fifth to the forty-fifth. These thirty-five books have preserved for us the partly fabulous history of the origin of Rome, and the history of the period from the Second Punic War till the defeat of Perseus of Macedonia. The books dedicated to the Civil Wars, from the time of the Gracchi to that of Augustus—that is to say, the most important parts—are lost. Nothing remains of the history of the generations which were dominated by the great figure of Caesar.

There is no doubt that if the subsoil of Naples had restored to us the books in which the history of Julius Caesar and his epoch were recorded, many readers would have been scandalised. In Italy, the Fascisti, who have taken Caesar under their protection, would not have hesitated to proclaim that Livy was a *Rinunciatario* and an *Antinazionale*, like Count Sforza. But the anti-Cæsarianism of Titus Livius is the key to the whole history of the two first centuries of the Empire. By not having understood this, the nineteenth century completely falsified the most brilliant epoch of Roman history, and understood nothing of the most profound lesson of political wisdom which Rome has bequeathed to us, by the intermediary of her great historian.

Had Livy been, as are nearly all modern historians, a purely erudite personage, shut up in his study, living surrounded by his books, having no other contact with the world than the courses which he gave in a University, or the periodical lectures in one or two academies, his anti-Cæsarianism would not have been of great importance. It might have been attributed to the rather naive personal antipathy of a savant who judges a man of action by the light of his own pride of intellect, intensified by solitude.

But Livy was neither a savant nor an academician; he was a rich *seigneur* who had studied philosophy deeply, and who, without involving himself in politics, lived in Rome in the circle which surrounded Augustus—that is to say, in permanent contact with the élite who governed the Empire in one of the stormiest epochs of the history of the world. We know that Augustus made him tutor to Claudio, the son of Drusus, the brother of Germanicus, the future Emperor—which authorises us to suppose that he was also tutor to Germanicus. Augustus therefore recognised in him, almost officially, a spiritual guide for youths who were destined to high offices. He wrote his great work under the eyes of Augustus, and of the men who aided Augustus to reconstruct the republic, supported and encouraged by their admiration. His history, like the poetry of Virgil, and to a certain extent that of Horace, is the literary expression of the profoundly religious, traditional and aristocratic spirit which inspired the last generation of the civil wars, and of which Augustus was the representative.

The anti-Cæsarianism of Titus Livius, therefore, was not a personal reaction of his own sensibility or conscience, but the expression of a deep current of feeling with which the élite of his epoch sympathised. If Livy's history was, as Augustus declared it to be, Pompeian in its tendencies, it was because the élite of the republic, beginning with Caesar's adopted son, had ended by becoming Pompeian during the Civil Wars and after Actium. If this sudden change is surprising to an epoch like our own, dominated as it is by

what has been called "the superstition of genius," it is nevertheless easy to explain, and does marvellously explain, the whole history of Augustus, if one looks at it from the point of view of Roman ideas.

Caesar had been able to take possession of the Republic by force of arms, but he had not been able to govern it. In Rome the only class qualified for the high official positions were the members of the senatorial nobility. No military dictatorship could change anything in that state of things, which was seven centuries old, and which had been consolidated by marvellous successes. But nearly all the nobility, with the exception of a small number of families, had fought against Caesar, and after his victory had made a void about him by abstaining from office. Caesar had been placed in a position of inextricable difficulty on account of their abstention, for which plebeian powers had been an insufficient remedy. When Caesar had been killed, the Triumvirs had, after Philippi, found themselves, in their turn, in the same position: they were victorious, but powerless to govern owing to the deficiency of men to fill the important offices. They tried to find a way out by all sorts of expedients; Mark Antony



THE REVIVED VOGUE OF BAROQUE PAINTING: "A MAUNDY THURSDAY SERMON," BY ALESSANDRO MAGNASCO, NOW ON VIEW IN THE MAGNASCO SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION. (SIZE, 30½ BY 25½ IN.)

On the opposite page we reproduce two other pictures by Alessandro Magnasco included in the loan exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's galleries in Old Bond Street, organised by the Magnasco Society to promote the study of Baroque painting. "A Maundy Thursday Sermon" (lent by Mr. F. D. Lycett Green) has been compared to the work of Hogarth, to the latter's advantage.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons.

But even though this part of Livy's work is missing, we know by indirect testimony that it was written in a spirit hostile to Julius Caesar. Seneca tells us that Livy had discussed at length, with regard to Caesar, the question *Utrum illum magis nasci republitæ proficerit an non nasci*: "Whether it had been better for the Republic that he had or had not been born"; that is to say, whether the services which he had rendered the Republic outweighed the harm which he did it. That doubt could only be applied in the case of a genius who was judged to be as powerful as he was baneful. We know that Livy had not concealed his ardent sympathy for Brutus and Cassius, the murderers of the Dictator; and that Augustus delighted sometimes in teasing him by calling him "the Pompeian." Later historians, who have related to us, more or less well, the history of Caesar—Plutarch, Appian, Suetonius, and Dion Cassius—had all come under Livy's influence. All are cold and sometimes malevolent towards their hero. Nowhere do we find any trace among them of the ardent admiration which the nineteenth century devoted to the conqueror of Pharsalia.

continued on Page 700

MAGNASCO, MASTER OF BAROQUE: THE NAME-SAKE OF A NEW SOCIETY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW AND SONS.



TYPICAL OF THE
BAROQUE PAINTING
OF THE SEVENTEENTH
AND EIGHTEENTH
CENTURIES: A NORTH
ITALIAN LANDSCAPE,
WITH FIGURES, BY
ALESSANDRO MAGNASCO,
ON VIEW AT THE
MAGNASCO SOCIETY'S
EXHIBITION IN
LONDON.
(SIZE, 37½ BY 50½ IN.)



BY A NEGLECTED
ITALIAN MASTER
WHOSE NAME
HAS BEEN ADOPTED
BY A SOCIETY
INTERESTED IN
BAROQUE PAINTING:
A ROMANTIC
LANDSCAPE, BY
ALESSANDRO MAGNASCO,
AT THE MAGNASCO
SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION
(SIZE, 20½ BY 25 IN.)

An interesting new movement in art connoisseurship has just begun by the formation of the Magnasco Society, now holding a Loan Exhibition of Italian pictures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries, 43, Old Bond Street. "The Magnasco Society," says the catalogue preface, "has been recently founded for the purpose of furthering the study and appreciation of what, for the lack of a more precise term, we may call Baroque Painting. Baroque Painting is found in varying degrees in all the countries of Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the Genoese Alessandro Magnasco, (1681-1747), whose art forms a connecting link between these two centuries, has been accordingly chosen to give his name for the new Society." He was born

at Genoa, the son of Stefano Magnasco, also a painter, and studied at Milan under Filippo Abbiati, whom he imitated. The influence of Salvator Rosa has been traced in his work. Several of Magnasco's pictures are in the Pitti Palace at Florence, Hague Museum, or in private collections, as that of Mrs. Mathias, formerly Miss Wertheimer. The two here reproduced were lent to the Exhibition by Mr. Osbert Sitwell. Many other painters are represented in it, including Tiepolo, Canaletto, and Salvator Rosa. Another Magnasco, Hogarthian in character, is given on the opposite page. The baroque style, as the above passage from the catalogue indicates, rather eludes definition. The word in general means "irregular," "bizarre," or "fantastic."

THE ATOM AND THE NATURE OF THINGS.

III.—THE NATURE OF LIQUIDS.

By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, K.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.



THE PIONEER OF PHYSICS: ROGER BACON 1292.

Sir William Bragg has written for us, condensing his delightful lectures at the Royal Institution "Concerning the Nature of Things." The first two articles appeared in our issues of Oct. 11 and 18 respectively, and the rest will follow later.

THE difference between a gas and a liquid is that in the former the atoms and molecules move to and fro in an independent existence, whereas in the latter they are always in touch with one another, even though the touch is transient and they change partners continually. Heat is required to make a liquid turn into a gas, because the molecules must be given greater energy to enable them to break away from one another: we see this when the wet street dries in the sunshine. Sometimes it may seem that there is no supply of heat when a liquid evaporates, but there must be a source somewhere, though it may be unnoticed.

For instance, the supply may come from the liquid itself, which becomes colder in consequence. The way in which this takes place is quite simple. The molecules in the liquid are in motion, vibrating, turning, shifting their positions. At the surface there are always some that are for the moment more energetic or less lightly held than their fellows, and these may part company and be flung off into space. It is, on the whole, the more energetic that go, so that the average energy of the remainder is reduced. This is equivalent to saying that the temperature of the remainder is lowered. Cooling by evaporation is a familiar effect. When our hands are wet, they feel cold because of the evaporation of the water. The surgeon may use an ether spray when he wants to cause a local freezing; nature cools our bodies by the same principle, but in a gentler fashion. In hot dry

The experiment of the cryophorus (Fig. 4) illustrates the point very well. The two bulbs and the connecting tube contain only water, no air. The water is brought to the upper bulb; the lower, which is empty, is immersed in liquid air. In a surprisingly short time the water is frozen solid. The explanation is that the water molecules which fling themselves from the surface of the water make their way in large numbers down the tube and so to the lower bulb. This would happen anyhow, whether there was or was not liquid air round the lower vessel: but if there

were none they would come back again and return to the water carrying their superabundant energy with them. The liquid air cools the walls of the lower vessel, and they in turn cool the molecules that strike them, so that they stay there, and their energy is never restored to the water.

When a liquid boils in the open air, the molecules leave the surface at such a rate and with such energy that they push back the air *en masse*; in evaporation, the molecules leave one by one and must make their way as individuals through molecules of the air.

The forces that bind molecule to molecule in a liquid are very great indeed. In a drop of water that hangs from one's finger the molecules cling to one another like the bees in a swarm that hangs from a tree. But this gives a very feeble idea of the magnitude of the forces that can be exerted. It is well known that a liquid strongly resists compression: it is not known so generally that it strongly resists extension also. The experiment of stretching a liquid is difficult to perform, because it can change its shape so easily. The simple apparatus of Fig. 8 shows readily, nevertheless, how strong the binding forces are. Nothing but water is contained within the V-shaped tube. The tube is tilted so that the water rises on one side of it and fills it up to the very end—if there happens to be a tiny bubble it can be got rid of by tilting and tapping, and the tube is then held as in the figure. The water does not break away again from the end it has reached: it obviously clings to it. All the rest of the column of water, which ought by the laws of gravity to fall until the level on the two sides is equal, hangs like a drop a foot long. The top water molecules cling to the glass, and other molecules to them, and so on, in chains with billions of links.

When manipulating a tube like this it is necessary to be careful lest the water be allowed to run against the end too brusquely. There is no air-cushion to break the blow, which is delivered with remarkable force. The noise is as sharp and loud as if the glass had been struck with a hammer—the effect is, in fact, known as that of water-hammer (Figs. 7 and 8).

Curiously enough, water-hammer is met with in a case where it has caused great concern and monetary loss. When screw steamers began to be turbine-driven, the screws were found to be eaten away as if attacked by some powerful acid. The cause was at last traced to the formation of empty spaces in the water; the screws moved so fast that the water could not follow them. Especially

did this happen near the tips of the blades. The drawing in Fig. 12 is from a photograph taken in the Turbinia Works: a model screw is turning in a tank, and the water flowing past it contains a series of cavities in the form of spirals. When these cavities collapse the shock is really severe, and if any part of the blade happens to form part of the cavity wall the blow may tear away a portion of the metal. The serious nature of the action is well shown in Fig. 13.

Since every molecule in a liquid has some attraction for every other, there is a general tendency to move so as to give each molecule as many neighbours as possible. Any separate portion of a liquid, therefore, tries to gather itself into a sphere. So raindrops try

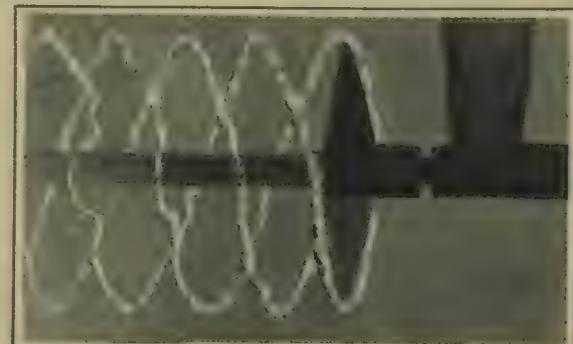


FIG. 12.—EXPLAINING THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECT OF "WATER-HAMMER" ON A SHIP'S SCREW: A MODEL SCREW TURNING IN A TANK—SHOWING SPIRAL CAVITIES (FORMED IN THE WATER) WHOSE COLLAPSE DAMAGED THE METAL.

to become round, and so do drops of molten lead as they fall in a shot-tower. Mercury gathers itself into drops when it is spilt upon the table, and the smaller the drops the more nearly they approach to the spherical. The liquid behaves as if it had an outside layer which resisted being stretched; it has to have the smallest possible amount of surface. This is very well seen in the experiment shown in Fig. 3. The dark-looking liquid, toluidine, does not mix with water, and its density is such that it floats conveniently in the middle of a vessel containing a layer of pure water riding on a layer of salt water. The liquid gathers itself together into a large drop, which takes the spherical form as shown in the picture. If disturbed by a glass rod it wobbles heavily through a variety of remarkable shapes.

When a glass plate is forced to the bottom of the mercury in a dish, it does not rise again—in fact, it requires considerable force to release it. The reason is that the mercury will not make its way under the plate, because in doing so its atoms must be spread out, against their desire to herd together. The illustrations in Figs. 2 and 2a will make this clear.



FIG. 13.—SHOWING THE SERIOUS NATURE OF THE DAMAGE TO A SHIP'S SCREW CAUSED BY "WATER-HAMMER": A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF "SCREW DISEASE."

"Screw disease," as it is called—that is, the eating away of ships' screws by the action of "water-hammer"—was prevalent during the war owing to the increased speeds necessitated.

pens to be a tiny bubble it can be got rid of by tilting and tapping, and the tube is then held as in the figure. The water does not break away again from the end it has reached: it obviously clings to it. All the rest of the column of water, which ought by the laws of gravity to fall until the level on the two sides is equal, hangs like a drop a foot long. The top water molecules cling to the glass, and other molecules to them, and so on, in chains with billions of links.

When manipulating a tube like this it is necessary to be careful lest the water be allowed to run against the end too brusquely. There is no air-cushion to break the blow, which is delivered with remarkable force. The noise is as sharp and loud as if the glass had been struck with a hammer—the effect is, in fact, known as that of water-hammer (Figs. 7 and 8).

Curiously enough, water-hammer is met with in a case where it has caused great concern and monetary loss. When screw steamers began to be turbine-driven, the screws were found to be eaten away as if attacked by some powerful acid. The cause was at last traced to the formation of empty spaces in the water; the screws moved so fast that the water could not follow them. Especially



FIG. 15.—THE ACTION OF OIL ON WATER COVERED WITH POWDER: SMALL CIRCLES CLEARED BY MINUTE QUANTITIES OF OIL.

Drawings by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Sir William Bragg.

countries drinking-water is cooled by putting it into a porous canvas bag, so placed that it is shaded from the sun but exposed to the wind, and the hotter the wind the better. On this page is a sketch (Fig. 14) of the water-bag as it is often seen in Australia hanging in the verandah of the house, or under the roof of the railway station in a country township. The water leaks through the canvas and is evaporated quickly if dry air blows past it, so that the water which is left grows cool.



FIG. 14.—COOLING WATER BY EVAPORATION: A CANVAS WATER-BAG, HUNG IN A LOCAL AUSTRALIAN RAILWAY STATION, EXPOSED TO A HOT WIND.

To make the plate lift again it is necessary to prise it up with a knife.

Very interesting cases arise when certain molecules are put into water—as, for example, when we make

[Continued on page 82]

THE ATOM AND THE NATURE OF THINGS: LIQUIDS.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, K.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S., IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



III.—“THE NATURE OF LIQUIDS”: SIR WILLIAM BRAGG’S EXPERIMENTS ILLUSTRATING HIS THIRD LECTURE.

Sir William Bragg is a pastmaster in the art of expounding the mysteries and wonders of science to popular audiences, and his lectures at the Royal Institution fascinated his hearers, both young and old. He has written for this paper special abridgments of the six lectures, the first two of which—on “The Atoms of Which Things Are Made” and “The Nature of Gases”—were published in our issues of October 11 and 18 respectively. That of the third, on “The Nature of

Liquids,” appears on the opposite page, and is illustrated by the diagrams given there and above. The three remaining articles, condensing severally the lectures on “The Nature of Crystals: the Diamond,” “The Nature of Crystals: Ice and Snow,” and “The Nature of Crystals: Metals,” will be given in later numbers. The figures attached to the various illustrations (except No. 6) correspond to references in the article.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A Second "Tower of Babel": The "House of the Mountain" at Ur.

By C. Leonard Woolley, Director of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the University Museum, Philadelphia, to Mesopotamia.

THE Ziggurat of Babylon has been made famous to us by the Biblical story of the Tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues; and it was only one of many, for every great city of ancient Babylonia possessed a similar staged tower, and to-day the ruins

he left the building to be finished by his son Dungi, and Dungi in turn failed to bring it to completion, so that for 1700 years the chief monument of what had been an imperial city remained an eyesore, we cannot tell; subsequent kings who built much at Ur did not touch the ziggurat, or at most patched the pavement round it; but true it is that when Nabonidus, the last King of Babylon, about 550 B.C., turned his attention to the ancient tower, all its upper stages were in utter ruin, and he could make a clean sweep of these to substitute new work of his own designing. It is the ziggurat in the form which he gave to it that Mr. Newton has succeeded in restoring in the drawing (pages 782-783).

The whole structure, except for the shrine on the top, is solid throughout. The core is of mud brick, the outer walls are of kiln-burnt bricks laid in pitch (the "slime" of the writer in Genesis). These walls are provided with rows of "weeper-holes" to allow any moisture in the core to drain away — otherwise the mud brick would swell and burst the retaining walls — and are relieved with the shallow panels characteristic of Sumerian architecture. The lower stages were painted black, the top stage was of brick fired a deep red, and the shrine was of bricks covered with a bright blue vitreous glaze.

On three sides buildings, for the most part not yet excavated, came close up to the tower, and it was only the main façade—the north-east—that was really open to view; and this was best seen from the courtyard of a great building that lay at a lower level to the northeast. The wall of the court, which acted as the retaining-wall of the platform on which the ziggurat stood, was decorated with a row of attached half-columns in whitewashed brick. Seen from the court, this columned wall would appear as an intrinsic part of the tower, adding greatly to its height and effect.

From the platform level three staircases led up the face of the tower, a central flight coming down far out on to the platform, and two others built against the face of the tower from its north and east angles; all converging on a central landing with a great gateway giving access to the promenade of the second stage. The middle staircase was continued right up to the door of the shrine at the summit; but, by following the

promenade to the right, one could make the complete circuit of the tower, or go up by some narrow steps to the third stage; or again, by turning to the left, one could pass by other stairs down to the lowest stage at the south-east end, where this broadened out to a fairly wide terrace, from the centre of which yet another flight, cut through the edges of the upper stages, led to a second doorway in the blue-glazed shrine. The four stages have their mystical meaning, answering to the celestial spheres; but the complicated arrangement of stairs and promenades would seem to serve some elaborate ritual of processions in honour of the god. It is noteworthy how all the lines of the building seem to converge on the temple. Below, the columns point straight upwards; but when you come to the ziggurat itself, the inward batter of the walls, the sharper contour of the stage corners, lead the eye upwards and inwards to the central block of the shrine; and again from the ground level the three stairways run together to one central point in the mass from which the vertical lines of the gate and the steps seen through it direct all attention to the shrine above. The underlying elements of the building are simple enough, but the scheme is admirably composed.

When one realises that the lower stage alone (Ur-Engur's work) is a solid mass of brickwork nearly 200 feet long by 150 feet broad and about 50 feet high, and that this is only one of many such towers that dotted all the land, one may well ask whatever induced people to go to all this labour? The explanation seems to be this. The Sumerians, who are the authors of the ziggurats, came into Mesopotamia from somewhere in the north-east, a mountainous country where, like all mountain folk, they had worshipped mountain gods and had built their temples on the hill-tops. When they moved down on to the rich newly-formed plains of the river country, they must have been terribly upset to find that there was no hill whereon a temple could be built—and what was the use of a temple on level ground? God would never be at home in a house on the flat. So they set piously to work and built artificial mountains of brick where God might have his seat as of old on the holy hills. Primarily the ziggurat is a hill, yet no ordinary hill, but the throne of God, which is Heaven; so it takes a formal shape, is built up in those ascending stages which compose the upper and the lower heavens, and even in its colouring reflects the celestial spheres; yet it remains a hill, as the name "House of the Mountain" clearly shows. And if, as certain inscriptions seem to imply, trees were planted round it, and even set in tubs on its terraces, the man-made ziggurat could not fail to recall to the Sumerian the highlands where once his fathers lived and the true nature of the gods he worshipped, bidding him lift up his eyes to the hills from which came his help.



STEPS TO THE "THRONE OF GOD": THE SOUTHERN FLIGHT OF THE GREAT TRIPLE STAIRWAYS LEADING UP THE ZIGGURAT OF UR—SHOWING "WEEPER-HOLES" IN THE WALLS TO DRAIN OFF INTERNAL MOISTURE.

of these are the most conspicuous features of the flat Euphrates valley. But though they were so numerous, and though the chief of them had attained such renown, we knew very little about the form and appearance of these gigantic piles. So during last season in Mesopotamia the Joint Expedition had for its main object the clearing of the Ziggurat of Ur, and for months a gang of about two hundred Arabs was busy carrying off the thousands of tons of broken brick and sand that concealed what was left of the ancient building. When we started, there was only a mound higher and steeper than the other mounds that mark the site of the city; now there stands up four-square a huge mass of brickwork which may claim to be the most imposing monument in the land.

The normal ziggurat was a rectangular tower built in stages by superimposing a smaller cube upon a larger, so as to give something of the effect of a stepped pyramid; steps, or a sloped ramp, led to the summit; and on the flat top of the upmost stage there stood a little shrine dedicated to the patron god of that particular city. At Ur this patron was the Moon God, Nannar, and his temple crowned a rather irregular building whose stages numbered three at one end and four at the other.

The original tower, as we know from inscriptions, was put up by Ur-Engur, who was King of Ur about 2300 B.C., some three hundred years before Abraham lived here; and the greater part, and the best preserved, of what survives to-day is the work of this early ruler. Whether, as later tradition said,



WAS THIS AT THE BACK OF JACOB'S DREAM OF THE LADDER GOING UP INTO HEAVEN? ARAB LABOURERS DESCENDING THE STAIRWAYS OF UR-ENGUR'S "MOUNTAIN OF HEAVEN," BUILT 300 YEARS BEFORE ABRAHAM DWELT AT UR.

Photographs by Courtesy of Mr. C. Leonard Woolley.

WAS THIS JACOB'S LADDER? THE HILL OF UR, WITH STEPS TO HEAVEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITIONS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA, TO MESOPOTAMIA.



"WHERE GOD MIGHT HAVE HIS SEAT AS OF OLD ON THE HOLY HILLS": THE ZIGGURAT OF UR, AN ARTIFICIAL "MOUNTAIN" OF BRICK BUILT BY SUMERIAN HILLMEN IN THE PLAINS—THE SOUTH-WEST FACE, WITH "WEEPER-HOLES" AND TYPICAL SUMERIAN SHALLOW PANELS.



SHOWING THE TRIPLE STAIRWAYS TO THE SUMMIT AND THE COLUMNED RETAINING-WALL OF THE "PLATFORM": THE MAIN (NORTH-EAST) FAÇADE OF THE GREAT ZIGGURAT OF UR, A SOLID MASS OF BRICKWORK NEARLY 200 FT. LONG BY 150 FT. BROAD AND 50 FT. HIGH.

The wonderful results of the excavations at Ur, the home of Abraham about 2000 B.C., have been illustrated and described, at various stages of their progress, in several former issues of this paper (those of February 2, 1924; March 17, April 21, and July 28, 1923; and April 1, 1921). Our number for October 4 last also contained an article pointing out (with illustrations) the close similarity between the brickwork and other objects found at Ur with the recent discoveries in India (at Mohenjo-Daro in Sind and Harappa in the Panjab) which have opened up a new historical vista of early kinship between the ancient civilisation of the Indus Valley and that of

Babylonia. On page 780 Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, the Director of the work at Ur, describes the clearing of the great Ziggurat, "a solid mass of brickwork nearly 200 ft. long by 150 ft. broad, and 50 ft. high." "The Sumerians," he writes, "the authors of the ziggurats, came into Mesopotamia from . . . a mountainous country. . . . When they moved down to the plains . . . they built artificial mountains of brick where God might have his seat as of old on the holy hills." Mr. Woolley suggests that possibly the triple stairways, when crowded, as in the photograph on page 780, may have suggested Jacob's dream of the "ladder."

AKIN TO THE TOWER OF BABEL: THE ZIGGURAT OF UR, WITH THE MOON-GOD'S BLUE SHRINE—A RECONSTRUCTION.

FROM THE DRAWING BY F. G. NEWTON AND WILLIAM WALCOT. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA, TO MESOPOTAMIA.



"THE LOWER STAGES WERE PAINTED BLACK, THE TOP STAGE WAS OF BRICK FIRED A DEEP RED, AND THE SHRINE WAS OF BRICKS COVERED WITH A BRIGHT BLUE VITREOUS GLAZE":
THE ZIGGURAT, OR "HOUSE OF THE MOUNTAIN," AT UR, AS REBUILT BY NABONIDUS, THE LAST KING OF BABYLON, ABOUT 550 B.C.

This remarkably interesting reconstruction drawing, based on exact archaeological evidence, shows the great Ziggurat of Ur, recently excavated, in the form and colours in which it probably appeared some 2500 years ago, as restored after nearly 2000 years since its original construction. Illustrations of its present condition appear on previous pages of this number, with an article by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, the director of the excavations. After explaining its kinship with the Ziggurat of Babylon, the Biblical Tower of Babel, which was one of many such buildings throughout the land, Mr. Woolley proceeds: "On the flat top of the uppermost stage there stood a little shrine dedicated to the patron god of the particular city. At Ur, this patron was the Moon God, Nannar. . . . The original tower, as we know from inscriptions, was put up by Ur-Engur, who was King of Ur about 2300 B.C., some 300 years before Abraham lived here. . . . When Nabonidus, the last King

of Babylon, about 550 B.C., turned his attention to the ancient tower, all its upper stages were in utter ruin, and he could make a 'clean sweep' of these to substitute new work of his own designing. It is the Ziggurat in the form which he gave to it that Mr. Newton has succeeded in restoring in the drawing published here. The whole structure, except for the shrine on the top, is solid throughout. . . . The lower stages were painted black, the top stage was of brick fired a deep red, and the shrine was of bricks covered with a bright-blue vitreous glaze. . . . From the platform level three staircases led up the face of the tower. . . . The four stages have their mystical meaning. . . . all the lines of the building converge on the temple. . . . Primarily the Ziggurat is a hill, yet no ordinary hill, but the abode of God. . . . and even in its colouring reflects the celestial spheres: yet it remains a hill, as the name—"House of the Mountain"—clearly shows."

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A MOSLEM LEADER'S SUCCESS ON THE TURF: THE AGA KHAN'S LUCK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUCH, C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



JOCKEY OF TWO CESAREWITCH WINNERS AT 100 TO 1: T. PRYOR, WHO RODE CHARLEY'S MOUNT.



TRAINER OF THE AGA KHAN'S HORSES AT WHATCOMBE: MR. R. C. DAWSON.



WINNER OF THE 2000 GUINEAS: THE AGA KHAN'S HORSE, DIOPHON, WHICH IS REPORTED TO HAVE BROUGHT HIM £10,000 IN STAKE MONEY.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OWNER ON THE ENGLISH TURF THIS SEASON: THE AGA KHAN, WHO HAS WON SOME £41,000 IN STAKES.



WINNER OF THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES OF £6000 AT NEWMARKET, AND THE GOODWOOD CUP: THE AGA KHAN'S TERESINA.



THE FINISH OF THE CESAREWITCH: THE AGA KHAN'S CHARLEY'S MOUNT (T. PRYOR UP) WINNING FROM BOLET SATAN (BEHIND HIM), WITH SAVERNAKE (EXTREME LEFT, FOREGROUND) THIRD, AND BELLMAN, THE FAVOURITE (EXTREME RIGHT) FOURTH.



WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER: THE AGA KHAN'S SALMON TROUT, WHICH HAS BROUGHT HIM OVER £13,000 THIS YEAR



WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH THIS YEAR AT 100 TO 1: THE AGA KHAN'S FILLY, CHARLEY'S MOUNT.

The sensation of the racing season has been the extraordinary success of the Aga Khan, the well-known Indian who is head of the Ismaili Mahomedans, thousands of whom in India, Central Asia, and East Africa acknowledge him as their religious chief. Last year he won £33,709, and this year he easily heads the list of winning owners on the English Turf, as even before the Cesarewitch his horses had brought him nearly £41,000 in stakes. That race was remarkable in many ways. His filly, Charley's Mount, which won in a field of thirty-four (the biggest since 1875), after starting at 100 to 1 against, was ridden by a young apprentice jockey, T. Pryor, who in 1922 won the same race on another 100-to-1 chance,

Captain Frank Forrester's Light Dragoon. The Aga Khan has won many other races, including two of the "classics." His St. Leger winner, Salmon Trout, has gained him over £13,000, and Diophon, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, £10,000; while Teresina won the Jockey Club Stakes of £6000 and the Goodwood Cup. Mumtaz Mahal, the "flying wonder," (for whom he was once offered £70,000) has brought him £12,000. He has also made large winnings this year in France, as well as some in Spain and Belgium. The Aga Khan's total, big as it is, was far exceeded in 1889 by the Duke of Portland, who in that year took £73,857, of which £38,000 was won by Donovan.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

"WHAT is criticism," said the late Anatole France, "but the adventures of the spirit among books?" That is the exploit of criticism in its highest form, but there are minor adventures, happy accidents of traffic with the written word, which fall to the reader who may be no critic, or who may for the moment have given formal criticism the go-by. Such a lesser adventure has come my way in the course of the weekly task, and it will serve well enough for text and preamble to these random remarks on the little group of books marked down for the present page. It will provide also a second string to bind them together.

Even without this adventure, the books made common cause, wholly or in part, in subject; and the link was topographical, being nothing more nor less than the high theme of London history, always inexhaustible and fascinating. But the mere question of locality expanded itself in two cases on a side issue which happened to be of particular personal interest to me at the moment, and gave these books an adventitious charm they would otherwise have missed, for, by a curious coincidence, they supplemented the guide-book to certain places into which chance had just led me for the first time.

A few days ago, while on a visit to Derbyshire, I passed through the quaint villages of Eyam and Tideswell, the first famous for the heroism of its Rector and his parishioners during the Great Plague; the second for its beautiful church, known as "the Cathedral of the Peak." Both these places, and several others in the district, were to find their reflection in the books under my hand. The tragedy of pest-stricken Eyam forms one of the most graphic and moving passages in Mr. Walter George Bell's new work—by far the most important and valuable of his many fine contributions to history—"THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON IN 1665" (The Bodley Head; 25s.), of which in more detail later. Tideswell, Matlock (my temporary halting-place) and the Caverns of the Peak cropped up opportunely in a curious little record of travel which has just been reprinted after forty years. It is much older than that, having first seen the light in Germany in 1783. Its success there commanded a second edition two years later. The English translation was published in London by Robinson in 1795 and went into a second edition in 1797. Reprints, one of them an abridgment, followed in 1798, 1808, and 1887.

This remarkable piece of autobiography is now entitled "TRAVELS OF CARL PHILIPP MORITZ IN ENGLAND IN 1782, A REPRINT OF THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF 1795," with an Introduction by P. E. Matheson (London, Humphrey Milford, 1924; Oxford, the Clarendon Press; 3s. 6d.). The title of the translation of 1795 is, "Travels, chiefly on Foot, through Several Parts of England in 1782, described in Letters to a Friend by Charles P. Moritz, a Literary Gentleman of Berlin." It is a shrewd and yet half piece of observation and self-revelation, and the reissue of the text will be welcomed by readers who as yet know the little book only from Mr. Austin Dobson's essay, "A German in England," in the first series of "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes."

Although, on taking up the book, I was attracted chiefly by "Pastor Moritz's" notes on the Peak District, that proved to be only a subsidiary part of the interest this pilgrim was to arouse. If I looked first at his account of Matlock, Chatsworth, Bakewell, Tideswell, and the Caves of Castleton, it was not long before I had begun in orthodox fashion at the beginning and found myself carried along irresistibly by the easy-flowing narrative in which the ingenious author traces his itinerary from his landing near Dartford to London, and so up the Thames valley to Oxford, whence he made an extended tour of the Midlands, and then returned to the Metropolis.

Moritz has the true gift of the teller of tales of the wayside and the wayside inn. His tavern experiences, worthy to be set beside those of Erasmus, were not always happy. At Tideswell, for example, he found mine host's fare but indifferent. Of his charity, he does not give the name of his house of call, merely saying that he asked to be shown "not to a great inn, but to a cheap one." To-day, the victualler's art has mended there, and if the place cannot boast "a great inn," it has at least one that bears the marks of a respectable antiquity and offers entertainment that is both good and cheap. Herr Moritz met with his hardest tavern luck at Nuneham, where late at night the door was slammed inhospitably in his face, and he had to pad a weary hoof on to Oxford.

But that barring-out was fortunate for our enjoyment of the story, for a Mr. Maud of All Souls, returning from taking clerical duty at Dorchester (it was Sunday night), joined himself to the traveller, and proved so entertaining a companion that "we were now got, almost without knowing it, quite to Oxford." There Mr. Maud carried our German to the Mitre, where, although it was close on midnight, they found a company of convivial duns, in cap and gown, hard at pipes, the bottle, and theological argument of no very reverent sort. They sat at it till "at last when morning drew near, Mr. Maud suddenly exclaimed 'd—n me, I must read prayers this morning at

All Souls.'" Very politely he offered to show the stranger the curiosities of Oxford later in the day, but Mr. Moritz "awoke with so dreadful a headache . . . that I could not possibly get up; still less could I wait upon Mr. Maud at his College." He stayed a couple of days, however, and managed to see something of the University, with which he was not greatly impressed, and thought the colleges "had the most dingy, dirty and disgusting appearance." But he admired the Bodleian.

This beguiling old Teuton, the intimate friend of Goethe, threatens to run away with more space than is at all convenient, and while I would gladly give him the whole page, three more brief notes must suffice. The first is to commend the priceless engraving—from the second German edition—which preserves for us the symposium at the Mitre; the second is to suggest that the pretty barmaid seen by Moritz at the Mitre may be the very lady celebrated poetically in "The Student" (1776) edited by Christopher Smart; the third and last point is to ask any reader who cares for nice speculations diligently to compare Moritz's description of his approach to London with Don Juan's. (Canto X.). The similarities are striking. Did Byron, who devoured so much out-of-the-way literature, know this book? He may have come across it in "Pinkerton's Travels" (1808) in which Moritz's work was included.



FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 82 YEARS AGO: "THE MODERN HANSON."



FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 82 YEARS AGO: A "FOUR-WHEEL" OF 1842.



FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 82 YEARS AGO: A CABMAN OF 1842.

The three old woodcuts here reproduced illustrated an article on "Cabs" in our issue of October 22, 1842. They show that, while the costume of "Cabby" has altered, the vehicles are not so very different from the few still surviving in the streets of London—even in this age of taxis. Of this typical Jehu of 1842, who rather suggests Mr. Weller senior, the writer of our article says: "Is he not the impersonification of a lazy, idle, dissolute, and disordered race? There is a redeeming spice of good-nature about the creature we have selected, because he is supposed to be driving ourselves, and therefore knows that he has got a good fare. . . . At the head of these rambling strictures [the writer continues] we have the modern Hanson—not Handsome,' said a rival builder, 'because I say "Handsome is as handsome does"; and this here hinnower is a running us off our legs.' These Hansons are patent, and do go easily and pleasantly. . . . The name upon them is that of 'William Greathead Lewis,' once City correspondent to the 'Morning Herald' newspaper. But, as we began with 'Hanson,' so will we conclude with 'four-wheel'—the most popular of its kind of the modern vehicles of London."

Had this article, intended originally to deal with London history, not strayed down into Derbyshire and other outlying parts, Moritz on London in general would have claimed more than one paragraph, and, in particular, Moritz on a Westminster election, with Fox on the hustings in Covent Garden, would have fitted the present hour to a hair; but to enlarge on that would be to cheat Mr. Walter Bell of his due. It is prophesying a certainty to say that "The

Great Plague in London" will take rank as a classic. It is the first critical and exhaustive account of the visitation. It cannot certainly overshadow De Foe's "Journal of the Plague Year," for the two works differ in character. Mr. Bell's book, however, will correct and qualify, though it cannot discount, De Foe's persuasive fiction, which for all its greatness of design, as Professor Henry Morley said of it, is not history. For the hard facts we must go to Mr. Bell; but even the earlier writer's manifest deviations from strict historicity in detail cannot alter the compelling truth of his atmosphere. With minute care for accuracy of detail Mr. Bell has still preserved atmosphere—no small feat in a work of meticulous and laborious research. That the atmospheres of the two books should be identical is an equal compliment to both writers—to Defoe that he extracted the essence of poetical truth from loosely handled and sometimes invented material; to Mr. Bell that from rigidly sifted fact he has evolved precisely the same spiritual effect. Both pictures of a city in the agony of pestilence count kin with Thucydides' more condensed but no less vivid and terrible account of plague-stricken Athens.

In this book we actually live in the London of 1665. From the very first page the author gives his reader the sense of impending calamity. He shows Court and citizens gazing in awe upon the comet of December 1664, "with mighty talk thereupon." The sudden new blazing star vanished in a week or two, but "in March there came into the heavens a yet brighter comet. With such portents the Great Plague in London was ushered in." That is a familiar story to all who know even superficially the history of the pestilence, but Mr. Bell's instinct guided him aright when he chose to tell it again by way of prelude to his tremendous drama of suffering and death. He develops his theme slowly, with a wealth of detail and curious learning that never hinders the impressive onward sweep of the narrative. He has applied to the confused and uncertain old Bills of Mortality the modern scientific method, and has constructed with infinite care and wariness comparative "graphs" showing the upward and downward curve of the epidemic in the City, the liberties, and out-parishes. But his statistics are never dry, nor do they diminish that human touch which is everywhere present in the work.

The cold facts are indeed as vital and picturesque as the best of Defoe's fictions, and Mr. Bell's unrivalled knowledge of London enables him to detect the novelist's forgery of documents, as in the case where De Foe caused the Sheriffs to countersign a Mayoral Proclamation, a practice contrary to civic routine.

Very delightful, too, is the gently ironical exposure of the Merry Monarch's alleged handsome contributions to the Relief Fund. "I have searched," says Mr. Bell, "every source likely to give the disclosure, but still await testimony that Charles contributed anything." These are but small points from a history of the most absorbing interest—but you may judge of Hercules by his foot, and by his copious foot-notes, for which our ingenious author is unnecessarily apologetic. We would not dispense with one of them.

One last example of Mr. Bell's power to reconstruct and communicate the tortured London of 1665.

Hardly any traffic stirred. The accustomed sounds of a city, the pleasant hum of human voices—these were stilled. People heard with a distinctness that was arresting the water of the rapids tumbling through the arches of Old London Bridge. The Plague's cruelty was performed in stealth and silence—a silence that was broken only by the throat cries of its distracted victims, without the noise and the tumult, the unthinking exhilaration, the flashes and explosions that in war would accompany the achievement of a hundred thousand dead.

From tragedy we may pass to comedy in another addition to the books about London. This is the light, gossiping chronicle entitled "LONDON INNS AND TAVERNS," by Leopold Wagner (Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.), a companion to the same author's "A New Book About London," which it echoes in part. Mr. Wagner gives in a discursive style much curious information about famous and obscure houses of call, and many will be glad to recognise old faces and old scenes and hear old songs turn up again in these readable pages. Add to our list two useful little hand-books, "THROUGH LONDON HIGHWAYS" and "THE HEART OF LONDON," the joint work of Ernest Hazlehurst and Walter Jerrold (Blackie; 3s. each), and as a final *bonne bouche* turn to fiction and enjoy, as I have enjoyed, Mr. G. P. Robinson's "SUBURBAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), a collection of short stories strung together on a thread just strong enough to give the book a place among novels of London life. It is an ingenious whimsical extravaganza, with a quiet hint of satire on current fiction of the most polite, exclusive, passionate, and spiritualistic kind. Nor does the masterful lover of *ethemelidismos* escape Mr. Robinson's shrewd and sideways thrust. Excellent pastime!

A HAVEN OF REFUGE FOR LOST DOGS: MODEL LONDON KENNELS.

BY COURTESY OF MR. F. RUSSELL ROBERTS, SECRETARY OF "OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE."



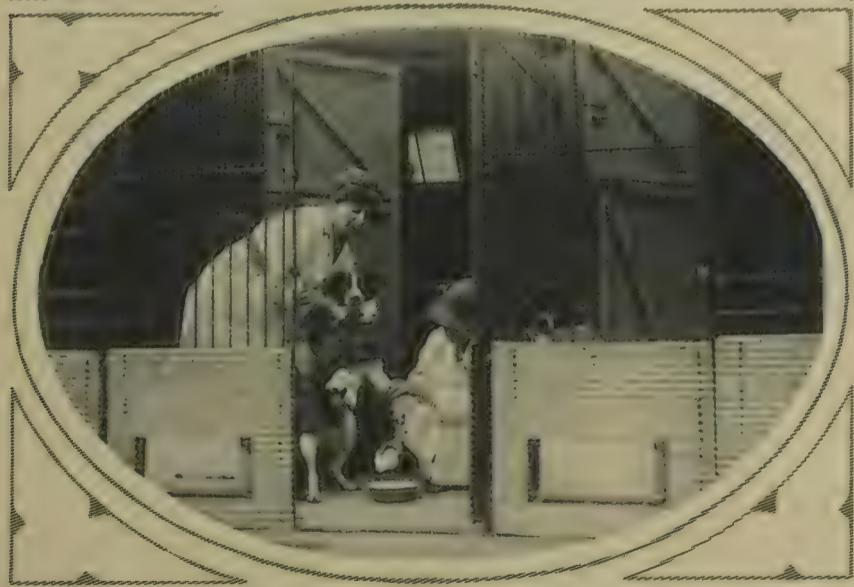
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IN THE LARGE GRASS COMPOUND, WHERE ALL THE DOGS ARE LET OUT FOR EXERCISE EVERY DAY: GENERAL INTEREST IN THE CONTENTS OF A BOWL.



(SKILLED NURSING IN AN ACCIDENT CASE: THE MANAGERESS, MISS KENNEDY (ON RIGHT), WITH AN ASSISTANT, ATTENDING THE PATIENT.



ONE OF THE MANY WELL-BRED "STRAYS" THAT FIND THEIR WAY TO THE HOME: A FINE SHEEP-DOG, AT BRUSHING TIME.

The North London Dogs' Home, Bridge Road, Willesden, is a model of its kind. The dogs are not herded in dark pens, but are kept separate, or in groups of two or three together, in up-to-date kennels. They are treated with sympathy and skill. This Home was founded in 1912 by a few devoted dog-lovers, and in 1921 was taken over by Our Dumb Friends' League, whose President is Lord Lonsdale. Great improvements have since been made, and additional kennels built. The object of the Home is to provide comfortable quarters for the stray dogs which are taken up by the police; and every day the Home's van makes the round of the police stations north of the Thames to take over the lost dogs. By law

every lost dog has to be kept for seven days, to give its owner a chance to claim it; then it becomes the property of the League. For most of the dogs good and happy homes are found. An exercising ground of nearly two acres is a distinguishing feature, and isolation kennels in an entirely separate plot are used for sick dogs. A well-known veterinary surgeon attends regularly. The Home is managed by a lady who is an experienced and devoted dog-lover, working under a committee at present consisting of Sir George Denton, K.C.M.G., Colonel Douglas, C.S.I., C.I.E., and Professor Hobday, C.M.G., Veterinary Surgeon to the King. Anyone requiring a dog would be well advised to visit the Home.

NEW MINOAN DISCOVERIES: THE GREAT ROAD

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS, SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



1. WITH A PAINTED FRIEZE OF PARTRIDGES (SHOWN IN THE RESTORATION DRAWING OF THE UPPER PART): A PAVILION OF A HOSTEL FOUND AT KNOSSOS.



2. SHOWING ONE OF THE HOOPES (RIGHT) OCCURRING AT OF THE FRIEZE (PAINTED ABOUT 1600 B.C.) OF WHICH MANY LOWER WALLS ONLY ARE INFECT.

AND THE PORT LINKING KNOSSOS WITH EGYPT.

ARTHUR EVANS, SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



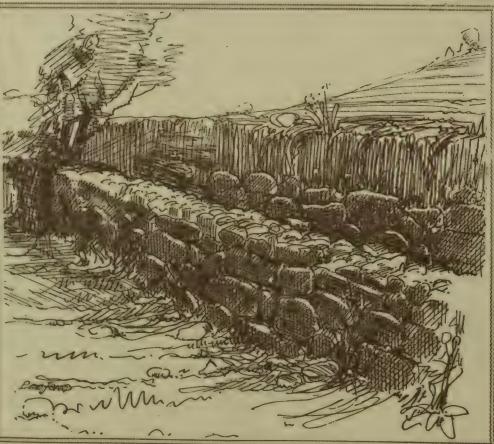
INTERVALS AMONG RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGES: A SECTION FRAGMENTS REMAINED IN THE MINOAN PAVILION, WHOSE DISCOVERED AT KNOSSOS.



4. A LINK WITH EGYPT ABOUT 3500 B.C.: AN EGYPTIAN STONE VESSEL OF LATE PRE-DYNAMIC FORM FOUND AT KNOSSOS.



3. WITH THE MINOAN STONE LAMPS RESTORED TO THEIR ORIGINAL LEDGES: AN UNDERGROUND FOUNTAIN CHAMBER WITH A SACRED SPRING, AT KNOSSOS.



5. ON THE NEWLY DISCOVERED MINOAN ROAD FROM KNOSSOS TO KOMO, ITS SOUTHERN PORT: A SECTION OF "CYCLOPEAN" TERRACE WALL AT VISALA, THE CHIEF INTERIOR SETTLEMENT.



6. WITH STEPPED INTERVALS FOR DRAINING OFF FLOOD WATER FROM THE MINOAN WAY INTO KNOSSOS—EXCAVATED WITH GREAT



THE HILL-SIDE: MASSIVE PIERS OF A VIADUCT THAT CARRIED DIFFICULTY FROM SOIL PETRIFIED BY GYPSUM.



7. "THE LADY OF THE SOURCE": A PAINTED CLAY FIGURINE OF THE MINOAN GODDESS, IN ATTITUDE OF BENEDICTION, INSIDE A SMALL VOTIVE VESSEL (THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).

Sir Arthur Evans has made further discoveries of great importance in Crete, shedding a flood of new light on the Minoan civilisation and its connection with ancient Egypt. He has traced parts of a highway leading from the Minoan capital at Knossos, in the north, across the island to the southern port used for the sea traffic between Crete and the Nile. The site of this seaport has been identified at Kommos, where a strip of shore half a mile wide is strewed with Minoan remains, including an upper and a lower acropolis and fragments of large oil-jars, representing the chief Cretan export to Egypt. At Knossos itself were discovered some remarkable buildings at the point where the road from the south entered the city, forming a monumental approach to the royal palace, and including a great viaduct. Describing (in the "Times") his discoveries at this point, Sir Arthur writes: "The results were among the most dramatic that have ever, perhaps, attended excavations. . . . The soil was so petrified (by gypsum) that it took weeks to expose the section of this colossal work. As will be seen from the figure (No. 6) what we had to deal with were the massive piers of a viaduct . . . with stepped intervals evidently for the free passage of

water from the hillside. . . . A large section of a building of a wholly unique character has come to light. . . . It included arrangements in keeping with a modern 'hydro' . . . a kind of 'caravanserai,' 'hostel' or 'rest house' for the weary traveller arrived by the great South Road. . . . The salient feature on one side was a small but elegant pavilion or loggia (No. 1). Only the lower part of the walls remained standing. . . . The fresco frieze (found in fragments) that had surmounted the painted pillars was of quite a novel character, representing red-legged partridges and, at intervals, hoopoes (No. 2). The frescoes belong to the early part of the sixteenth century B.C. . . . Steps came into view descending to what proved to be an underground 'fountain' chamber (No. 3). . . . The whole interior was found packed with votive vessels. . . . The most remarkable discovery was the Lady of the Source herself, the Minoan Goddess, standing as a Cretan Vesta, within a vessel shaped like a round hut (No. 7). The image is of primitive type with arms raised and open palms in the attitude in which from Neolithic times the Goddess received adoration, while round patches, suggestive of some kind of 'stigmata,' appear on her palms."

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

HEDGEROW BERRIES AND OCTOBER HUES IN RELATION TO BIRDS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

DESPITE the fact that our summer was so largely sunless, the countryside is now a place of radiant glory. The foliage now about to fall has assumed a splendour denied to the earlier months, as if to form a fitting background for the kindly fruits of the earth which now bedeck our coppices and hedgerows with splashes of brilliant colour, as though to distract our thoughts from the drear months of winter which are before us. So full of restful, quiet beauty is this transformation scene that it seems, at first, almost impious to attempt to discover the possible meaning behind this beauty. Yet will our curiosity be justified, for the more we succeed in this endeavour the more we shall enjoy this feast of colour, and the more likely shall we be able to assist in its annual recurrence.

When we speak of "the kindly fruits of the earth," most of us, probably, are thinking of the dessert table! But among these hedgerow fruits there are few that we covet. Some, indeed, we should find tasteless, and some of the most alluring we dare not touch, since they are reputed poisonous. The shining, luscious, scarlet berries of the woody-nightshade (Fig. 1) and the Briony (Fig. 3) positively fascinate us; only the fear of possible consequences keeps us from "just tasting." Where blackberries are concerned

Either hordes of mice and other fruit-eating creatures would gather to the feast and devour them all, or the seeds would germinate and form so thick a swarm

from the under-side of the rich, dark-green, spike-like leaves. This pulp, as I know from experiment, is not poisonous, as some suppose, and is sweet to the taste.

The part played by birds in the dispersal of the hedgerow fruits which form the theme of this essay is by no means generally recognised. We are supposed, by some, to know all that is to be known about our native birds. Yet, even in this matter of fruit-dispersal we know very little indeed. Most people have seen how greedily the mistle-thrushes will fall upon the bountiful repast spread by the mountain-ash. They will strip a tree in the course of a few hours. The gardener knows the weakness of the blackbird and the song-thrush for his currants; but as yet we have but a very incomplete list of the birds which help in this good work of sowing the seed for our autumn feasts of colour. But for the ivy-berries we should probably lose one of our most delightful songsters, the blackcap. For this bird, when it comes to us in the spring, depends largely on these for sustenance, until insect-life becomes abundant.

There were many who believed that only by the merest accident could seeds survive after passing through the intestines of birds. The botanist Kerner was the first to put this matter to the test of experiment. He used the seeds of no fewer than 250 species, carefully watching



FIG. 1.—BEARING LUSCIOUS SCARLET BERRIES MUCH LOVED BY BIRDS:
THE WOODY NIGHTSHADE.

round the parent plant as to smother both themselves and it. And so then it has come about that some bear berries, some winged seeds, some exploding seed capsules, and some capsules which are emptied by the wind. Yet other means of dispersal there are. But let us return to our berries.

Some, like the berries of the hawthorn, contain, beneath a thin layer of rather tasteless pulp, a single large "stone," enclosing a juicy kernel from which the hawthorn yet to be is developed. The "hips," on the other hand, contain several seeds, also hard-coated. Such fruits are known as "drupes." The blackberry consists of a cluster of "drupes"—that is to say, of small fruits, each of which contains a seed.

There are two of these wayside fruits which demand special mention. These are borne by the yew and the spindle-tree. The latter, rose-pink in colour, looks like four berries, imperfectly fused together (Fig. 2). Sometimes the four are of equal size, but usually one or two are markedly smaller than the rest. When fully ripe, this rose-coloured investment splits along lines of cleavage plainly visible before it takes place. When completely opened the seeds are revealed within an orange-yellow investment known as an "arillus." This is yet more perfectly developed in the case of the yew (Fig. 4), where the seed can be seen lying within the crimson-coated pulp depending



FIG. 3.—NOW TO BE SEEN HANGING IN FESTOONS ON EVERY HEDGE: THE BLACK BRIONY WITH ITS BRIGHT SCARLET BERRIES.

their fate after being swallowed by birds. In these observations he made use of thrushes and robins, various members of the finch tribe, ravens and jackdaws, the turkey, pigeon, and ducks. The blackbird ate everything, "even the arils of the yew," rejecting the stones from the crop, as hawks eject the feathers and bones of their victims. No less than 75 per cent. of these various seeds swallowed by the blackbird, 85 per cent. in the case of the thrush, and 80 per cent. in the case of the robin germinated, though more slowly than seeds which had not passed through this ordeal. The seeds of berberis and of currants, on the other hand, germinated more quickly after having been ingested.

Though it is a matter of common knowledge that these fruits of many colours—scarlet, pink, blue, and black—are at first green, and gain their bright hues only as they ripen, it is by no means so generally realised that there is a meaning in this. So long as they are green no bird will touch them—indeed, they probably escape their notice completely. But as they pass from green to yellow, and then to scarlet, or from green to red, and thence to black, they are still untouched. And this because the unripe pulp has a nauseous taste. The process of ripening produces ferment which produce palatability, and sets the mouth "watering" for the feast.

The majority of the seeds swallowed are set free within two hours of their being swallowed. This is well for the plant. If they were retained longer, and lost nothing of their vitality, they might be dropped too far from country suited to the plant, and thus perish. Let us not forget how much we owe to birds when we feast our eyes on the coat of many colours which chill October wears.



FIG. 4.—WITH AN "ARILLUS" OF BEAUTIFUL SEALING-WAX RED, FORMING A PULP IN WHICH THE SEED IS EMBEDDED: THE YEW.

Photographs by E. J. Manly.



FIG. 2.—WITH A ROSE-PINK OUTER CASE (LIKE FOUR BERRIES FUSED TOGETHER) THAT SPLITS AND DISCLOSES THE SEEDS WITHIN AN ORANGE-YELLOW "ARILLUS": THE SPINDLE-TREE.

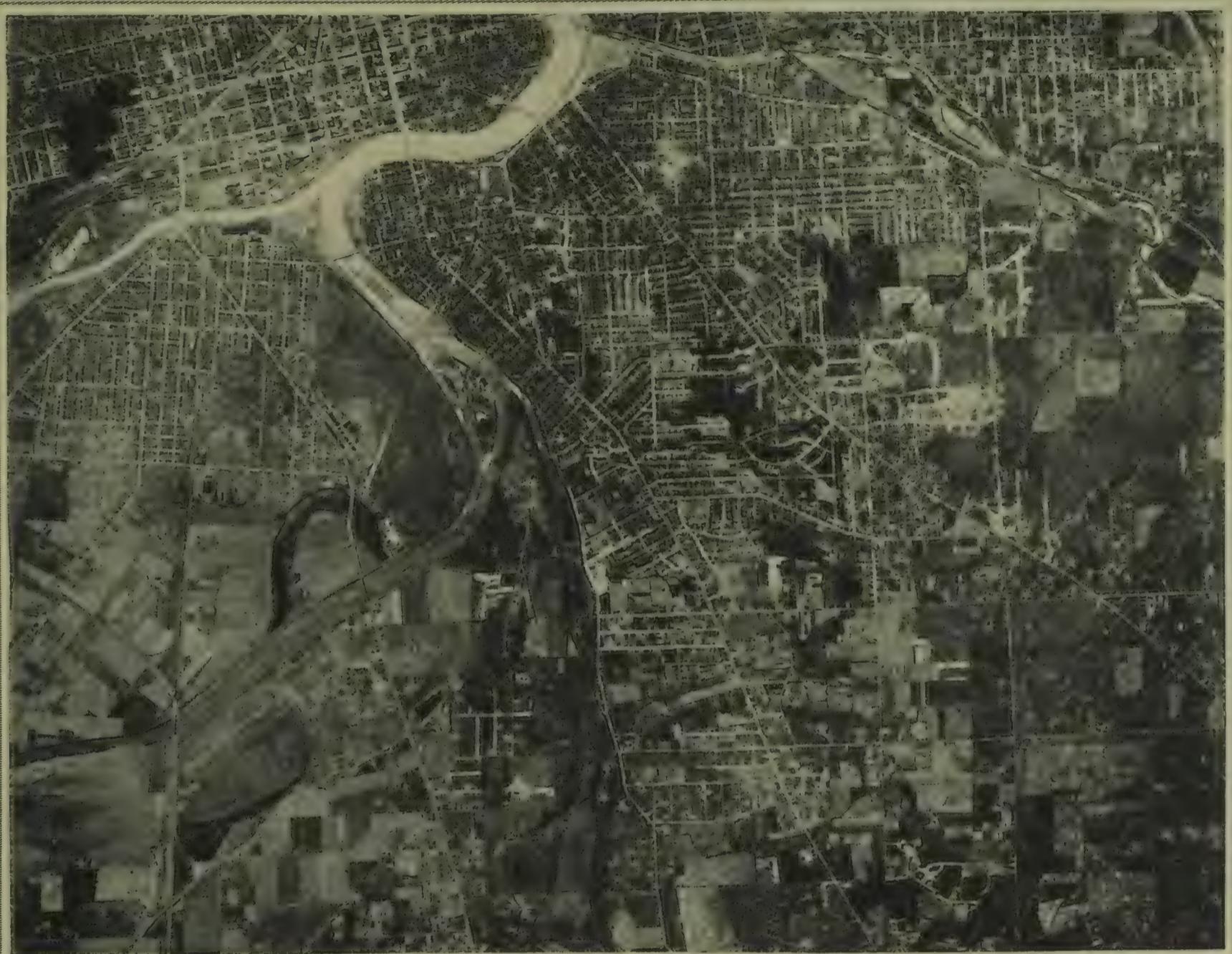
we are greedy; while cranberries and whortleberries are hardly less welcome. Such as have not had their taste spoiled by "old vintages" find wine distilled from elderberries and "sloe-gin" quite palatable. With these few, however, our desires are satisfied. For the vivid red berries of the mountain-ash, the hawthorn, and the rose we have no use, save for table decoration; and the same is true of the velvety black berries of the ivy, dog-wood, privet, and deadly nightshade.

May no venturesome spirit take his courage in both hands and start experiments to test the edibility of these neglected berries! These pioneers always end, sooner or later, in spoiling what should have been conserved. The gain of these new fruits might well cost us our autumn feasts of colour. Let us leave them for the birds, whose birthright they are. They sow for the harvests yet to be. And it is to secure these sowers of the seed that Nature has used her most beguiling colours. Just as Eve found the apple was pleasing to the eye, so these children of Nature are tempted to eat of what is, to us, forbidden fruit. For their trustfulness they are rewarded by the gaily tinted pulp, in order that the hard seed within should be carried away, and presently be voided, or ejected from the mouth. By this means these berry-bearers, which may not move from their appointed place, enlarge their range, and preserve a place in the sun.

This method of perpetuating their race is but one of many devised, so to speak, by Nature to ensure the survival of her garden. If all plants bore berries there would follow such a surfeit as would defy the fowls of the air to clear it away, tried they never so hard. The berries, sooner or later, must fall to the ground, and then one of two things would happen.

FROM SIX MILES ABOVE AMERICA: THE HIGHEST AIR PHOTOGRAPH.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY THE U.S. ARMY AIR SERVICE.



HOW AN AMERICAN CITY WOULD APPEAR TO A PASSENGER FLYING VERY HIGH: AN ALTITUDE RECORD IN PHOTOGRAPHY—DAYTON, OHIO, TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE AT 32,220 FT., WITH THE AID OF A SPECIAL "RAY FILTER" THAT GAVE CLEAR DETAIL OVER AN AREA OF 19 SQUARE MILES.

THE successful flight of the Zeppelin "ZR III." across the Atlantic, and her appearance over New York before landing at Lakehurst, lend interest to the above photograph, although, of course, the airship could not attempt any such altitude. In our issue of August 23 we gave the photograph that holds the height record for one taken on land—that of Mount Everest obtained by Dr. Somervell at 28,000 ft. Here we give an aerial photograph that beats this record by over 4000 ft. It was taken with a K3 camera with a focal length of 12 inches, and covers an area of 19 square miles. Describing it, Dr. E. E. Free, Ph.D., F.A.S., writes: "An important step forward was made in aerial photography recently, when the accompanying photograph was snapped by Lieutenants Macready and Stevens at a height from the ground of 32,220 ft.—practically six miles! It was taken at eleven a.m. one day in early May, and points the way toward a solution of one of the greatest difficulties in aerial photography, that of 'scattered' light. Although the ground was, from this distance up, covered with a bluish haze which made visibility rather poor, it will be noted that the photograph is as clear in detail as though it had been pieced together from larger ones. In some parts, with the use of a small hand-glass, automobiles can be seen on the roads; and individual houses can easily be made out. This blue haze mentioned is the effect of the scattered light. The atmosphere nearer the ground—for about a mile and a half above the earth—is more or less dusty; and its transparency is, therefore, greatly reduced by means of this haze. If light rays pass through the air, or any gas that contains fine particles of the same order or size as the rays of the light, some of the light rays are stopped by these particles and reflected sidewise by them. This is what is

technically known as 'scattering,' resulting in a bluish haze or reflection. It is a special physical effect, the scattered light being composed principally of the shorter rays of the spectrum. That is why haze looks bluish. 'The blue Alsatian mountains' are blue merely because the light being reflected from them is scattered by the dusty atmosphere of Alsace. This scattering effect is partly, or perhaps wholly, responsible for the blue colour of the sea. Pure sea water, with no dust in it whatsoever, would probably be black. The bluish, greenish, and yellow tints which are actually observed are due to the scattering of light by small particles, complicated in this case by some reflection from larger particles. The picture shown here was taken with the use of a special ray filter devised by the U.S. Army Air Service, which filter cuts out the light reflected from this ground haze, and makes the haze essentially transparent so far as concerns the actinic rays that effect the camera plate. The filter lens removes all the light coming from the haze, and leaves only those longer rays which are passing through it from the ground. Every amateur photographer knows how hard it is to take a good picture of a distant mountain range. The mountains blend directly into the skyline, because what actually happens is that the picture is neither of the mountains nor of the sky, but of the blue dust haze of scattered light which lies between the camera and the range. This the new filter lens promises to eliminate. This work is considered by experts to be one of the greatest advances in aerial photography, and is expected almost to revolutionise such work. For military and aerial mapping work the value of such a development is obvious immediately; and there will doubtless be many other applications of such filter lens cameras."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ANATOLE FRANCE.—THE LENA ASHWELL PLAYS.—OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

ANATOLE FRANCE left but two plays for remembrance. Some of his books were, indeed, adapted for the stage, but by other hands than his: he approached the theatre as a pastime, but he did not look upon it as his real domain. One of his commentators told us that, when the subject of the theatre was broached to the master, he said: "Play-writing is really foreign to my nature—I am either too long or too short for the technical demands of the stage. So I prefer my own form—*le conte ou le bouquin*—there I am at home."

Yet his two plays were exquisite, and "Mort aux Vaches" of "Crainquebille" has become a classic term. Mr. Bourchier produced a fair version of this wonderful satire—but the "bouquet" slightly evaporated in transit. "French is French," and that is as sure as East is East. The other play, "The Silent Wife," was very successful in English. I forget who translated it, but I well remember Miss Lillah McCarthy's great personal score as the wife who was an angel of silence and suddenly became a devil of speech. It was real "Anatole," so delicate, so witty, so pointedly mocking at modern women despite the classic disguise of the characters. "Crainquebille" and "The Silent Wife" should be revived in memory of the great French writer who was envied by many and honoured by all who wield the pen.

Speaking of young and hopeful enterprises, here are the Lena Ashwell Players asking for support, and in their very own little paper, the *Lap*, pleading their excellent cause under the editorship of Miss Irene Hentschel, the daughter of Carl, founder and trustee of the O.P. Club, a veteran organiser who outshines many younger rivals and has lately ginned up the club by the admission of lady associates.

The Lena Ashwell Players, after valiant efforts and fights with fortune, have now at length found a little home of their own. They have acquired that hall of many vicissitudes in Archer Street, W., and turned it into a neat, complete, and compact playhouse. Here you can see several times a week, for a few shillings, in a comfortable seat, old favourites and new friends among plays, well acted by a zealous band of young actors, some of whom have made a name under Miss Ashwell's banner.

But the New Century Theatre is only the base of operations. The actual campaign is carried on in what was once boredom's camp—the populous, nebulous suburbs of outlying London, the villages and townlets of the countryside. What a treat it must be to enjoy for a couple of shillings or a "tanner" a play that was once the talk of London, and now brightens the worker's evening in an enthusiastic, young, and capable interpretation! This is indeed good work, and if the friends of the drama—you know whom I mean: people who talk about it and could do much more if they only would—will only listen to Miss Ashwell's appeal, it will in course of time become great work. It will bring our country into line with the rest of Europe, where the smallest town and even the village treasures its own theatre as a necessity, not merely as a pleasure, of life.

It is indeed wonderful what the inspiring force of Lena Ashwell, one of our foremost actresses, has achieved since she (I hope temporarily) gave up acting for pioneering. Her struggles have been continuous and great, for her efforts were practically single-handed on the financial side. If she had despaired, the Lena Ashwell Players would have long since given up for want of funds. But Miss Lena Ashwell is a woman of iron will. She was convinced that ultimately her movement would make for stability, and so she carried on with faithful henchmen in the organisation of ambitious actors ready to work hard for a living wage, and to-day her theatre is an institution as vital as the Old Vic. Of course, the cry is still, "We want friends and we

want money," and to provide both Miss Ashwell has founded a Club of Friends of the L.A.P., where members contributing a small gift will be kept posted in all the Players' doings, and

Miss Ashwell for a bundle of her circulars, and enclose them in their letters. Thus the snowball will be set rolling, and the prospects of a bright future will strengthen the hands of Miss Ashwell—a true friend of the people.

When, a year ago, James B. Fagan announced that at the Playhouse, Oxford, he would start a season of repertory, both modern and classic, there were many good wishes, and secretly great doubts. Oxford is not the easiest town for a manager: had there not just been a censorial interference with a theatre by the Varsity authorities? Was there not risk of ban if a modern play happened to shock the morality of the Dons? Lastly, would the ordinary public help the undergrads to make the theatre (at least) more or less self-supporting?

We all hoped that Fagan would succeed, and that through success in the great Varsity town the system of repertory would gain in power and propaganda. We saw his repertory from Sophocles and Shakespeare to Shaw, from Ibsen to Wilde, from de Musset to Yeats—a repertory to make a Londoner's mouth water. And of one thing we felt sure: Fagan, who had given such artistic productions of Shakespeare at the Court, would prepare performances with great care and in the right selection of interpreters. So that side of the question was in safe

hands and promised artistic success. Still, we were afraid of the practical result. The spectre of our People's Theatre—which gave the best of the best, yet in one month lost £800—still hovered in many minds, and we were afraid that Fagan, like other pioneers, would have much glory but not the wherewithal to pay the salaries on Friday night.

However, undaunted, the new manager went to work. In three terms he acted no fewer than twenty plays, and at the end of the first campaign there was no deficit to speak of—a paltry £50—and that included, of course, expenses which are necessarily connected with the beginning of a new enterprise. In future, in order to be on the safe side, and not to have to pay the piper while calling the tune in the sweat of his brow, Fagan hopes to hedge in behind a little guarantee fund—a few hundred pounds in portions of fifty each—and there is no doubt that, when this is known, he will meet with quick and surprising response. There are always plenty of "sports" in the land who will lend a hand to a plucky man who has proved that there is a vital future in his bold enterprise.

Having run the race and reached the goal in Oxford, Fagan now intends to take the helm at Cambridge. He is manning a second crew for the purpose; he is planning a double repertory; and the two companies will then play alternately in both Varsity centres. The Oxford programme is already issued. Pirandello, Favia, Benavente, Synge—what names to conjure with—are represented in the new repertory; and when the list of plays for Cambridge is complete (and Austria, Germany, Hungary, Holland will no doubt figure in it), the two Varsity theatres together will, as it were, be a living Chair for the propagation of European literature. Nor does Fagan confine himself to the production of new plays: he is seeking new talent too, and already one or two players, hitherto unknown, thanks to his confidence and guidance have made a reputation and revealed great promise of achievements to come. Withal, this new movement is a portentous step in the right direction, and I foresee that, if our J. B. Fagan is supported as he deserves, he will in course of time embrace all the Varsity cities of England in his scheme, and thereby render a great service to the theatre as well as to the students, who, until his advent, had to seek their histrionic recreations in the second-hand productions of "London successes" by touring companies.



A TWO-FOLD TEMPTATION: ROSIE (MISS DOROTHY MINTO), THE INN-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER, AND EDWARD FORMBY (MR. CHARLES KENYON) BOTH URGE DAVID HUNTER (MR. GEORGE TULLY, RIGHT) TO SAIL FOR NIGERIA—A SCENE IN "THE BLUE PETER," AT THE PRINCES.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.

are now and again convened to discuss subjects of the theatre and to further propaganda.

There is a very simple way to help the enterprise of the L.A.P. Let those who love the theatre ask



THE "HOME TIE" WHICH MEMORIES OF NIGERIA THREATEN TO BREAK: EMMA (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT) PLEADS WITH HER HUSBAND, DAVID HUNTER (MR. GEORGE TULLY), IN "THE BLUE PETER," AT THE PRINCES.



MEMORIES THAT AWAKENED THE WANDERLUST: DAVID HUNTER (MR. GEORGE TULLY, SEATED, LEFT OF TABLE) IS OFFERED BY CHIEF SERAKIN DONKO (AINGO BARBAHJABA) THE GIFT OF A NATIVE GIRL (M. BOMBABASHI): ACT I. OF "THE BLUE PETER," AT THE PRINCES THEATRE.

In Mr. E. Temple Thurston's play, "The Blue Peter," the hero, David Hunter, is tempted to forsake his wife and home in Liverpool for his old haunts as a mining engineer in Nigeria. The native parts are played by Nigerians.

Seeking Election: Ten More Women Candidates for the New Parliament.



Portraits of thirty of the forty-one women candidates appeared in our last issue (October 18). We now give portraits of ten of the remaining eleven. We

have been unable to obtain a photograph of Dr. Laura Sandeman (Unionist), North Aberdeen.—[Photographs by Lafayette, Barratt, Bassano, Special Press, and Elliott and Fry.]

Personalities of the Week: People in the Public Eye.



Count Zborowsky was killed near Milan, on October 19.—Mr. C. W. Goyder, late of Mill Hill School, recently established communication with Mr. Bell, of Waihemo, New Zealand.—Mr. J. M. Hickson, the Australian missioner, conducted spiritual healing missions at Bradford, and St. Michael's, Paddington.—The

wedding of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith and the Rev. T. Fry took place at St. Leonards, on October 16.—Sir Percy Scott entered the Navy in 1866. Our photograph, taken before he discarded his beard, shows him in the aspect most familiar to the public.—[Photos, Photopress, Sport and General, Central News, L.N.A. and Russell.]

The World

IN a few days we shall know what we have to expect in the way of Government, and consequently what to look forward to in the way of prosperity and hospitality—in fact, what is the social outlook. Last season, although Labour Socialists were in power, there was a great deal going on. The British Imperial Exhibition had been planned long before, as had many entertainments in connection with it, and the social instinct was to carry on and work out a wonderful impulse to Imperial unity, which the Government found it impossible to check.

Everyone is very busy still, and the smart weddings are having a lull; there is little but canvassing going on. One hopes that there will be more of our sex elected, if they are the right sort of us. Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan is one that could be immensely useful. She knows her world, and is a remarkably clever woman, the only one whose place, when she went to the war, had to be taken by a man, as she is a Professor of Science in the London University. Also, she is a good speaker, and knows human nature and its needs. Doubtless others are well qualified, too, but one knows more of Dame Helen, because of services already rendered.

The Prince of Wales will be home in time for the hunting season at its very best. This year, because of the wet, foliage is keeping on longer, fences will be blind, and going heavy at the beginning. Later it will be better, and the Prince is not likely to start directly he comes back. I hear that some of the American papers have dragged his name into political matters, and suggested that capital has been made of his well-earned and badly needed holiday for political purposes. This is grossly unfair and inhospitable, and quite, as we understand things, un-American. The Americans are nothing if not hospitable, and that their successful efforts to give the Prince a real good time should be construed politically is not good for politics. Like ourselves,



A lovely cloak of soft grey squirrel, which may be studied at the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, W.

America is in the throes of an election for a President. At such times, as we know, scruples are frequently scattered to the winds.

Miss Lutyens was very charmingly married to Viscount Ridley at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is a pretty girl, and clever and artistic, as might be expected from the daughter of her clever father and clever mother, Lady Emily Lutyens, daughter of the late Earl of Lytton—who wrote as “Owen Meredith”—and grand-daughter of Bulwer Lytton. Lady Emily is a capable woman, and looked very well at her daughter's wedding dressed in fawn colour, and wearing a hat to match.

Lady Diana Cooper is coming back to help her husband in his campaign as Conservative candidate for Oldham. The rush election shortened her period of usefulness, for she could not get here from America before the 21st. However, if Rome was not built in a day, much canvassing can be done in a week. Women of all ranks are greatly interested in Lady Diana, who is a thoroughly democratic Duke's daughter. She married the man of her choice, who was neither titled nor wealthy. She has to work for her living, and work for the film is work. She has kept in the public eye without any conscious effort, and she believes in her man, who possesses good brains, as he ought to do. His father, the late Sir Alfred Cooper, was a very clever man, and his mother, Lady Agnes Cooper, sister of the late Duke of Fife, is a clever woman.

The epidemic of smart weddings, which has now passed its zenith, is the aftermath of the season, one in which young people had a very good time. Mrs. Mark Makgill Crichton-Maitland made a charming bride at her pretty wedding to Lieutenant-Colonel Mark M. Crichton-Maitland, at the Guards' Chapel. Her cloth-of-silver train was lined with shell-pink, and her dress of white and silver brocade suited her splendidly. The only orange-blossom was a trail at one side. Myrtle seems to be ousting it as a bridal flower. Many recent brides have worn myrtle conspicuously, and orange-blossom quite unostentati-

ously. Myrtle does grow and bloom, even in the open, here, and the other bridal flower is an exotic; so perhaps the change is towards simplicity and naturalness.



Flying squirrel trims this graceful cape coat of mohair, which must be placed to the credit of the International Fur Store.

of Women

The bridesmaids at the Crichton-Maitland wedding were as effectively dressed as any group of pretty young girls could be. Yet the scheme was simple. Silver frosted tissue dresses, wreaths of shiny scarlet leaves, and bouquets of scarlet lilies were carried. Three sisters of the bride were in the attendant train, all of them having the family good looks, of which fair hair, blue eyes, and lovely complexions are features.

The young Countess of Galloway made a handsome bride, and her ten attendant maids in ruby and silver tissue, and carrying carnations deeper in the same ruby red, with two small pages in Highland dress, formed a very striking following. My kindly American anonymous correspondent writes me that the story of the sister Countesses of Carnarvon and Galloway reminds her of that of the famous Irish beauties, the Misses Gunning, who, if paintings are to be believed, were almost faultlessly beautiful. My correspondent says that the Wendell family were left very badly off, and that their uncle, not himself a rich man, and other relatives, provided means for their life and education in this country, as cheaper than in the U.S.A. Fortune must have been kind to Mrs. Wendell, who is a clever woman and an extremely nice one, since then, for she had, and perhaps still has, a nice place in the country, and has been and is well known in London Society—a qualification needing money. An uncle of the sister Countesses is Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard, whose book, “Barrett Wendell and his Letters,” is published by the Atlantic Monthly Press in Boston. In it he refers to his brother Jacob's death, and says, “as for the children, they are dear little things, and in need enough of encouragement and help to command it unstintingly from many.” He did not dream that his two nieces would marry, one of them the rich Earl of Carnarvon, the other the fine young Earl of Galloway, the creation dating from 1623, and the Barony from 1607.

A. E. L.



A magnificent coat of sealskin collared with beaver which was sketched in the salons of the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, W.



(Touchstone)

DEWAR'S THE TOUCHSTONE OF QUALITY

Good whisky, like fine wit, pleases subtly. There is pleasure in its charm, never hurting and never ungenerous. Appreciation of humour is a great asset to happiness and so is appreciation of the very Touchstone of Quality in whisky . . .

DEWAR'S

TITUS LIVIUS AND THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from Page 776.)

succeeded in marrying Cleopatra, and getting himself made King of Egypt, without letting it be known in Rome. In the end Augustus understood that, as he could only govern the Empire with the aid of the aristocracy, it was necessary to become reconciled to it, and to restore and give back to it the old Republic.

But Julius Caesar, whose adopted son he was, the man who had made him, was destined to be the victim of this inevitable reconciliation between the last surviving chief of the Civil Wars and the nobility. The Civil War between Caesar and Pompey had been provoked by a political quarrel which was only of secondary importance, in which Caesar, although he cannot be held completely blameless, was not entirely in the wrong. Indeed, he was more in the right than in the wrong, for to the rancour with which his adversaries tried to compass his ruin he opposed, as far as he could, an uncontrollable moderation. He only decided to initiate a war in the depth of his despair, so as to be the first in the field, being the weaker party. But he had taken the initiative, and that is what was unpardonable in the eyes of Livy's generation. Legality once violated, he could no longer retrace his steps; he was forced to continue his advance from one battle to another. Killed himself in the midst of his triumphs, his lieutenants continued the struggle, which lasted for nearly twenty years, and in which perished two-thirds of the Roman aristocracy, without whose aid it was impossible to govern the Republic and the Empire. When Augustus tried to reconstitute the Republic, and sought out the old nobility to restore it to them, he found only shattered fragments.

The last Civil War, which had nominally been let loose by Caesar, but which was really provoked by the blindness of his adversaries, was a kind of suicide of the ancient Roman nobility. Caesar, with his military genius and his victories, was the fatal instrument of that suicide. But Livy's generation could not admire him in that disastrous rôle, because the Roman nobility was the only class which could govern the Republic and the Empire. The small amount of order which did actually still exist in the Mediterranean basin depended upon them for its existence. The final justification of that rancour, which in itself was unjust, is afforded by the history of the Empire, which Livy could not foresee. The whole history of the Julio-Claudians, from Augustus to Nero, is only that of the despising effort which was made to govern the immense Empire with a staff insufficient in numbers and deficient in the necessary qualities.

Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius sought to govern the Empire according to the principles and traditions of the Republic, by making use of the nobles. But the old nobility, decimated and rendered anaemic by the Civil Wars, would not face the necessary effort, which was a burden too crushing for their reduced strength; or they actually created difficulties to revenge themselves for the predominant power which the family of Augustus had acquired in the Republic. Caligula and Nero turned

towards the model of the Asiatic State, endeavouring, as far as possible, to govern without the nobility; but the nobility, although they would not and could not govern the Empire, did not wish it to be governed without them. And they were still strong enough to obtain their desire.

This absurd and contradictory position, the legacy of the Civil Wars, ended, after terrible tragedies, in the new Civil War which broke out at the death of Nero. That war seemed to destroy the Empire, but in reality saved it. A great man emerged from it, the new Augustus, Vespasian, the second founder of the Empire. Vespasian chose in Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul, in Spain, and Northern Africa, a thousand rich and cultivated families, and inscribed them in the Senatorial and Equestrian Orders. The hemorrhage of the Civil Wars was cured at last; the Empire had once more a nobility whose numbers, riches, and moral energy sufficed to govern it according to the Roman traditions. It was the century of the Flavians and the Antonines which had dawned, the splendid era of the Empire!

But it had needed a century of obscure and tenacious work in the provinces to remake what Julius Caesar, in spite of himself, had destroyed. And Livy, with Virgil and Horace, was one of the partisans of this great reconstruction. Few writers have accomplished in history a more brilliant task. The families from Gaul, Spain, and Africa who had enriched themselves during the first century of our era, who had been admitted into the political aristocracy by Vespasian, and who furnished the directing élite of the Empire in the second century, had become Romanised under the influence of those three authors. The Livian inspiration is obvious, for example, in Trajan.

Conceived in this way, the history of Rome from the death of Sulla until the time of Vespasian becomes clearly illuminated. Everything is linked up and explained. Titus Livius gives us the key to all that history when one understands his "anti-Cæsarianism." It is his "anti-Cæsarianism" which decided me to throw over the systems of Duruy, Mommsen, and other historians, and to make Augustus not a disciple and successor of Caesar, who applied his plans, but rather the involuntary antagonist who was obliged to remake all that Caesar had destroyed. But why did the nineteenth century have so much difficulty in understanding this attitude of the great Latin historian and his generation? Why did it falsify the history of that period and render it incomprehensible?

Because Livy is a conservative historian, and the whole historical work of the nineteenth century is revolutionary; all, even that written by historians belonging to parties who call themselves conservative and believe themselves to be on the side of order and conservatism, like Duruy and Mommsen. The inconsequent revolutionary spirit which animated nearly all the historians of the nineteenth century, no matter what might be the epoch of which they were writing the history, is a strange phenomenon which deserves serious study. I am the more struck by it as events gradually show how great is the confusion in the conception of the governing classes of Europe as to what is order and what is necessary to be done for its maintenance.

Livy was the most illustrious victim of that revolutionary spirit by which nearly all historians have been unwittingly moved for more than a century. His traditionalist spirit, his horror of upheavals, his almost sacred respect for law and legality, could neither be understood nor admired by recent generations. The discovery of his complete text could in no way have cleared up the misunderstanding which separates us from him, and would, indeed, have aggravated it. If it is written in the book of Destiny that Titus Livius should be resuscitated one day, he has done well to await a more favourable moment.

In what does the profound lesson of political wisdom which Rome has bequeathed to us through his intermediary consist? What could he say to us, especially in the books which recount the history of the last Roman Civil Wars? It is easy to divine it, even in the sepulchral silence in which so great a part of his work is enshrouded. He would say to us, "Beware, Europeans of the twentieth century, of a little brook which flows everywhere in the world, as if it had the gift of ubiquity; for it is fairly easy to cross it, especially for men who have no prejudices; but once it is crossed there is no return. You must go on, and on, and on, sometimes to the confines of the world. It may happen that in order to get back to the other bank you may be forced to make the circuit of the globe on foot. Do you know what the little universal river which is so easy and so dangerous to cross is called? It is called the Rubicon."

Is our epoch able to hear that voice, or is it again a discourse to the deaf?

One of the most remarkable cars in the Motor Exhibition is a new Itala model, which takes the shape of a six-cylinder, two-litre chassis, of very interesting design. It is not that there is anything of a revolutionary character about this new Itala, but that it is a model of what one expects the modern car of its type to be when it has been arrived at with the assistance of all the knowledge gained in racing during the past three years. Not that it is a racing car, or intended to be anything of the kind. No doubt it is a fast car. But what is so attractive about it is its beautifully clean design, and the evidences of careful thought in design which appeal to one at every point. It simply bristles with good points, but it is not easy to say what they are and to convey an adequate impression of just how good it looks. It is like a well-dressed man or woman—you would not attempt to describe exactly how that person was dressed, but the impression of superlative good taste would be the principal sensation. It is so in the case of this really beautiful chassis. There is nothing that can be picked out as being better than any other point—it is the whole that appeals, and this has set everybody talking about it. It is certainly a car that ought to be seen before the Show closes.

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OLYMPIA
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During the recent years many people have been making a radical change in the method of warming their homes. Instead of continuing the wasteful, dirty, and inefficient open fires, or disfiguring their rooms with radiators and pipes, they have solved the problem of home warming by installing the Onepipe Heater.

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The Heater itself is usually installed in the cellar or basement with one short length of pipe which connects it with an artistic copper grid on the ground floor. Through the central portion of this grid warm air circulates into every part of the house, while the displaced cold air drawn down through the outer parts of the grid creates perfect ventilation and, combined with the action of the humidifier, keeps the air pure, warm and moist. The atmosphere of the house is genial and healthful. Doors and windows can be left open without impairing the efficiency of the Heater or interfering with one's personal comfort. Cold draughts become warm.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Lovely Furs for the Coming Season.

To all women, furs are an enthralling subject, and each year the furrier's art makes them more seductive. Perfect models of every description are always to be found at the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, W., who are responsible for the trio pictured on page 794. In the centre is a cloak of the softest grey squirrel and on the left a cape of moleskin edged with flying squirrel. The remaining *chef d'œuvre* is a magnificent sealskin coat collared with beaver. Needless to say, these are exceptionally beautiful furs, which are correspondingly valuable. Less expensive, however, are long coats of natural musquash, and short coats of moleskin or gazelle, which are in vogue at the moment. The latter are very effective, with collars and borders dyed to a darker nuance than the natural gold colouring. Purchasing furs is a difficult problem to anybody who is not a veritable expert, and it is always important to seek them from a firm of prestige such as the International Fur Store, whose enviable reputation is world-famous.

Hats for All Occasions.

Everyone in search of distinctive hats for town and country should visit Gorring's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., who are responsible for the two distinctive affairs pictured here. The one on the right is carried out in black petersham, with a bold fan of reversible black-and-white petersham ribbon. Surprising though it may seem, the price of this chic model is only 52s. 9d. On the left is a comfortable



Reluctant to sacrifice her tresses, Miss Nita Underwood, a member of the Co-Optimists at the Palace Theatre, attains the "shingled" effect by having her hair dressed and permanently waved by M. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W.

sports hat of velour, trimmed with cockades of satin ribbon. It can be obtained for 37s. 9d., in any shade. For the same amount one can secure a "mushroom" hat of velour bound and swathed with kid in several contrasting colourings, and useful felt hats trimmed with the fashionable duvelure are only 14s. 9d. A well-illustrated millinery brochure can be obtained gratis and post free by all readers who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

Permanent Waving.

Many women long to attain the "shingled" silhouette, but are chary of sacrificing their tresses. Like Miss Nita Underwood (a member of the Co-Optimists), who is pictured here, they should visit Emile, the celebrated coiffeur, of 24, Conduit Street, W., where they may have their hair permanently waved and skilfully dressed to gain the desired effect. Emile's system of permanent waving achieves soft, natural waves which make a becoming frame to the face. With short or long tresses, the result is equally successful. Emile has also designed neat little switches, which conceal the untidiness of growing

Many women long to attain the "shingled" silhouette, but are chary of sacrificing their tresses.

Beneath the plain wrap-over coats which everyone is wearing, simple, perfectly tailored frocks are the rule. At Debenham and Free-

body's, Wigmore Street, W., there is a wide choice of attractive models ranging from 6½ guineas. A well-cut tunic of gabardine opening on an under-



A piquant bow of black-and-white reversible ribbon adds a distinctive note to this hat of black petersham from Gorring's.



A becoming hat of velour trimmed with satin ribbon, which hails from Gorring's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

hair, and yet preserve the boyish shingled outline. Application should be made for an illustrated brochure, which gives also full particulars of his famous "Ultima" transformations.

An October Sale.

In order to make room for the huge trainloads of toys which will transform Gamage's, Holborn, E.C., into a vast children's paradise this Christmas, the firm are holding an October sale, which is now in progress. Everything has been heavily reduced in price to achieve the end in view. Over 15,000 post orders alone are being handled daily by the firm's huge mail order department, and a fleet of fast motor-delivery vans deliver London orders on the day of purchase. A further fact to be noted is that this firm's easy-payment facilities are extended under the new price régime.

Tailored Frocks for Autumn and Winter.

body's, Wigmore Street, W., there is a wide choice of attractive models ranging from 6½ guineas. A well-cut tunic of gabardine opening on an under-skirt of satin, and completed with lines of pearl buttons, can be secured for this amount, and 7½ guineas is the price of another in gabardine with a wide belt of leather and silk embroidery. For more formal occasions a distinctive model in gabardine, with a long over-tunic entirely embroidered in artistic colourings, can be obtained for 10½ guineas. A useful brochure illustrating many other models will be sent to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

New Cars
at the Show.

One does not expect to find cars of new and revolutionary design at the Show nowadays, but occasionally there is something quite out of the ordinary. This year I have found one car, at least, that is different, and this is so different that I have not made up my mind yet whether it is something exceedingly clever or one of those freak designs which come, are discussed, and duly disappear from mortal ken. This is the Sizaire—not the Sizaire-Berwick, but the French car bearing the Sizaire name. It is a very difficult car to describe in any but the most technical language, and I shall not attempt to convey an exact picture of what it is and how things happen. To begin with, there is nothing in the engine or the transmission which conflicts with ordinary practice. It will be noticed, however, that the chassis frame is very narrow and the rear axle arrangement altogether different from that of other cars. As a matter of

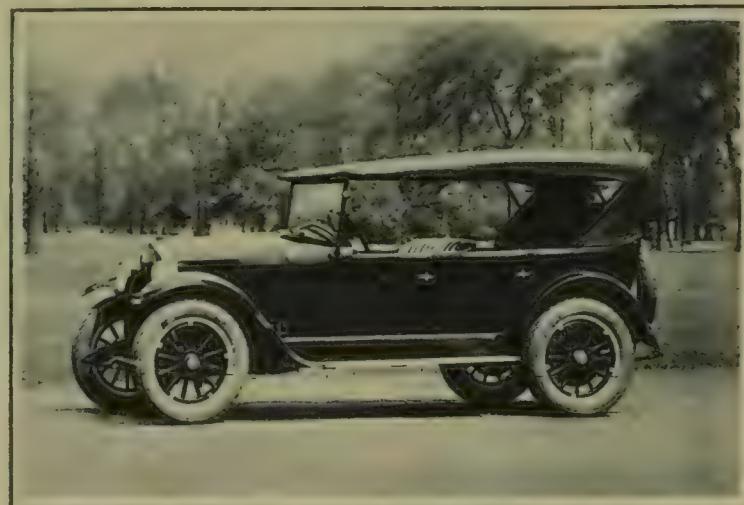
which depend to cross-members set across and above the frame. Thus each wheel is free to rise and fall over road inequalities quite independently of the others. Theoretically, this is an excellent arrangement, and in the Sizaire it has been carried out in a manner which impresses one as being quite sound and not likely in itself to give trouble in practice. It is difficult to pass an opinion upon a design like this without extended experience of it in use, which I have not had. But this may be said: that the Sizaire Brothers have been long enough in the business to know what they are doing, and it is quite unlikely that they have adopted such revolutionary practice as is manifested in this car unless it had been thoroughly tried out in practice beforehand.

I recommend the student of advanced design to see this car.

Steam
Redivivus.

Steam propulsion is represented this year by one solitary example, the Brooks, which hails from Canada. It follows the accepted lines of steam-car practice, and looks a workmanlike vehicle. While it is interesting enough in its way, the generality of Show critics appear to regard it rather as a curiosity than in any other light. Of course, steam has long since ceased to compete with the internal-combustion motor for passenger-vehicle propulsion. Even in commercial traction the proportion of steam to internal combustion seems to become smaller each year, though in certain directions steam still holds its own. It may be that there will always be a market for a few steam-cars; but, unless something less conventional than we have hitherto seen should be evolved, I am afraid the steamer has but scant chance of taking its place alongside the popular

petrol-car. There are so many inherent disabilities attending the use of steam that they more than counterbalance its unquestioned advantages. Therefore, to find a steamer in the Show arouses one's interest, but quite fails to move one to enthusiasm.

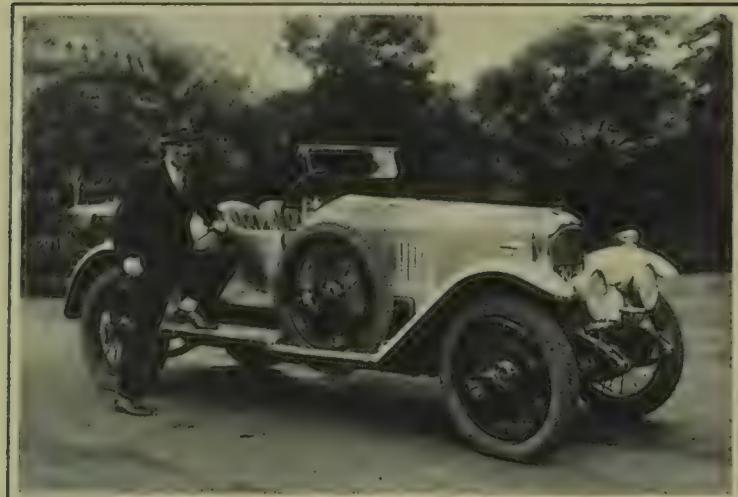


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Wonderful
Value from
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Whether we like it or not, there can be no question but that the American manufacturers are now able to give most wonderful value for money. There are a dozen or more American cars in the Show which give one to wonder how it can be done at the price, the more so when one is forced to admit that they are not only cheap cars, but good ones at that. Take as an example the six-cylinder Essex. It is a mass-production car, but a good one. On the road it performs like a good six-cylinder car should. It pulls exceedingly well, it is quiet on all gears, is beautifully sprung, easy of control, and light to drive. There is no engine vibration at any speed, and the motor answers readily to every demand made upon it. Irrespective altogether of the price, it is a good car, as I am able to say from experience. Yet the complete touring car can be sold at the absurdly low price of £295. With a well and solidly built "coach" body, the price is now £325!

W. W.



APPRECIATED IN AUSTRALIA: A 30-98-H.P. VAUXHALL "VELOX" FAST TOURING CAR IN SYDNEY.

fact, both axles radically differ from current practice, in that they are so arranged that there is no unsprung weight. That is to say, both axles are carried by, instead of carrying, the springs, which, as to both front and rear, are of the transverse type. The wheel members are carried by hinged trunnions

tain directions steam still holds its own. It may be that there will always be a market for a few steam-cars; but, unless something less conventional than we have hitherto seen should be evolved, I am afraid the steamer has but scant chance of taking its place alongside the popular

"The most interesting All-weather device yet introduced."—*The Motor.*

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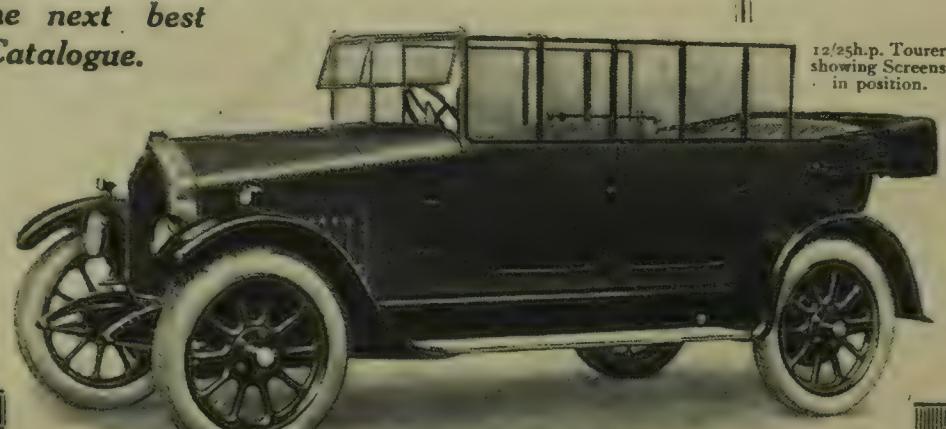
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Dunlop Tyres.



12/25 h.p. Tourer showing Screens in position.

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 sizes 20 for 1/3.

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 Est. 1775.

M.A.A.

THE ATOM AND THE NATURE OF THINGS.

(Continued from Page 778.)

a soap solution. In soap there are many molecules of a very peculiar form, which we shall be able to examine more closely when we come to consider the action of X-rays. Their length is very long compared to their width. The central part is a zigzag chain of carbon atoms, and at each end there are what we may call finials, consisting of certain special atomic groups. One of the finials has a strong attraction for water, and the other has not. The consequence is that, whenever these molecules arrive at the surface of the soapy water in the course of their wanderings, they take up an arrangement in which that finial which has the attraction for water is directed inwards, and the other finial is on the outside. However, the molecules have a certain attraction for each other which prompts them to line up side by side. The consequence is that a special film of these molecules forms all over the water, the molecules standing at right angles to the water surface in which they are rooted. It reminds one of a row of policemen linked arm in arm to hold back a crowd. Such a film resists rupture, and may exert remarkable powers of holding together its content of water and soap. We use this principle whenever we blow a soap-bubble: the thin wall of the bubble has a film both inside and out, and when we stretch the bubble, more of the molecules slip out of the liquid and take their places in these films.

Some years ago Mr. C. V. Boys showed in this lecture-room a long series of beautiful experiments on soap-bubbles. In one of them, which is illustrated in Fig. 5, he blew one soap-bubble inside another, and, withdrawing his pipe, allowed the second to rest gently within the first. He showed that at first it was necessary to extend the outer bubble by attaching a small weight at the bottom, in the manner shown in the figure. There is then a circle of contact between the two bubbles; the drop on the bottom of the inside bubble does not come into contact with the outer. If it did there would be a collapse, because the two bubbles would actually join together and try to become one bubble. These things may be explained by referring to the peculiar arrangement of the long chain molecules. The outside is in each case a sheet of the finials which have so little attraction for water—and, indeed, for each other. Consequently, when two bubbles seem to touch, the outside sheet

of one has no attraction for the outside sheet of the other, and there is no desire to coalesce. One bubble can be pressed against the other without harm, or rest on the other, as in the illustration. But the drop of water would form a link. When it is carefully drained away, there is no longer any need to pull the outer bubble out of shape.

If we put a drop of oil on water, the long chain molecules of the oil at once arrange themselves side by side on the outside of the water, one end of the molecule rooted in the water and the other in the air. The action is extraordinarily prompt. If the surface of a sheet of water (Fig. 1) is covered with a powder, and a little oil is allowed to fall on it, the surface is cleared at once. When a very minute quantity is put on to the water a small circle is cleared, the size of which shows how much of a layer one-molecule-thick can be covered by the amount of oil put on (Fig. 15). When camphor is dissolved in water, the solution spreads at once, and in so doing exerts a back pressure on the fragment of camphor. Hence the wrigglings and twistings of the fragments of camphor thrown on water—a very old experiment (Fig. 9). A little lump of camphor fastened to the stem of a miniature boat propels it slowly across the water: in the experiment illustrated in Fig. 10 a small flotilla went through various evolutions.

An oil film seems to offer no opportunity to the wind to raise waves. The air blast in Fig. 11 (a vacuum cleaner used as a blower) caused a series of ripples to run along the tank, which were stilled at once when a drop of oil was let fall. When the oil film had been blown away the ripples began again.

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Eva, "the child" of the present tale. Eva is the pivot on which the story turns, but the centre of interest is Elsie, big, humble, conscientious, simple-hearted, loyal, and lovable. Eva's passionate adoration of Elsie, culminating in an outburst against her own mother, causes a state of high tension in the house. Mr. Arnold Bennett shows all his uncanny insight into the details of domestic life, and his power of extracting interest from commonplace materials. His fiction in this vein is too much like actual life ever to reach a very dramatic *dénouement*. Life does not arrange itself in scenes with exciting "curtains," but episodes or phases do sometimes play themselves out and mark the end of a stage in the journey, as at a death, a marriage, or a removal. In this way the title-story, even though it may seem a slice of life arbitrarily cut off, reaches a certain climax with Eva's departure to school. The relation between Eva and Elsie could never be the same again; it had formed a chapter in both their lives, and that chapter was closed. One incidental statement provokes question. "Elsie," we are told, "had never been inside any railway station." Is that possible for a Londoner in these days, when even the untravelled yokel is a rare bird? Mr. Bennett is a "great observer," and careful of his facts, so he may be right, but it seems incredible. In the other twelve stories he digs in different strata of society, among the idle rich, theatrical folk, and so on. We sail on luxurious yachts and enter again the portals of the Grand Babylon Hotel. One story, "During Dinner," is obviously based on the tragedy of Mrs. Thompson. Another, the last, takes us back to the familiar atmosphere of the Five Towns.

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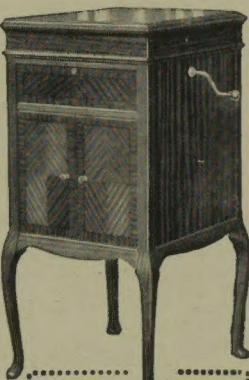
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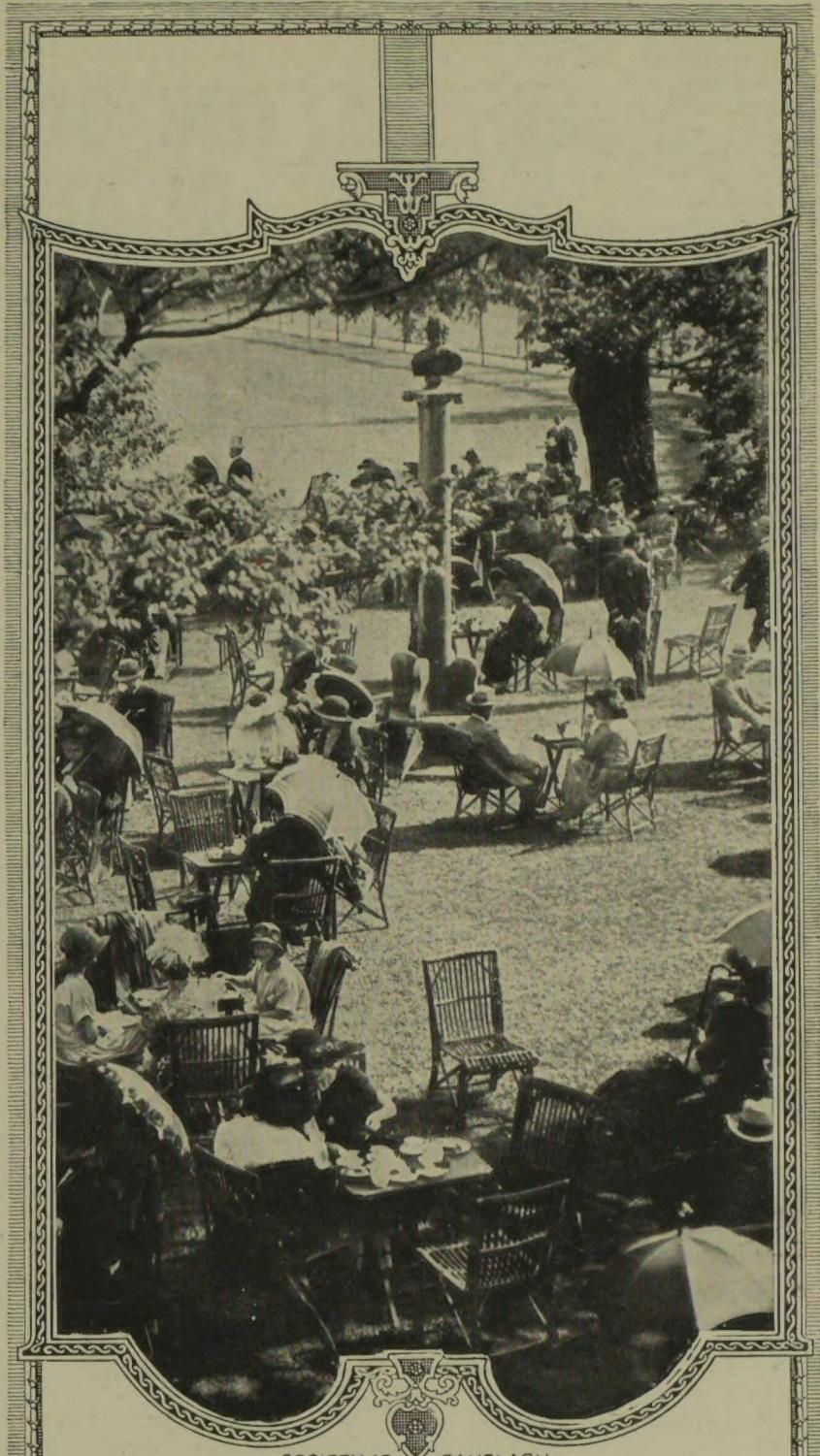
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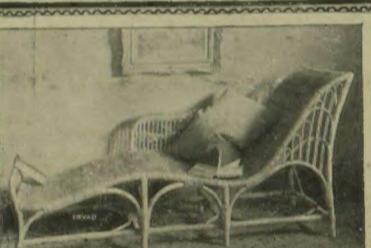
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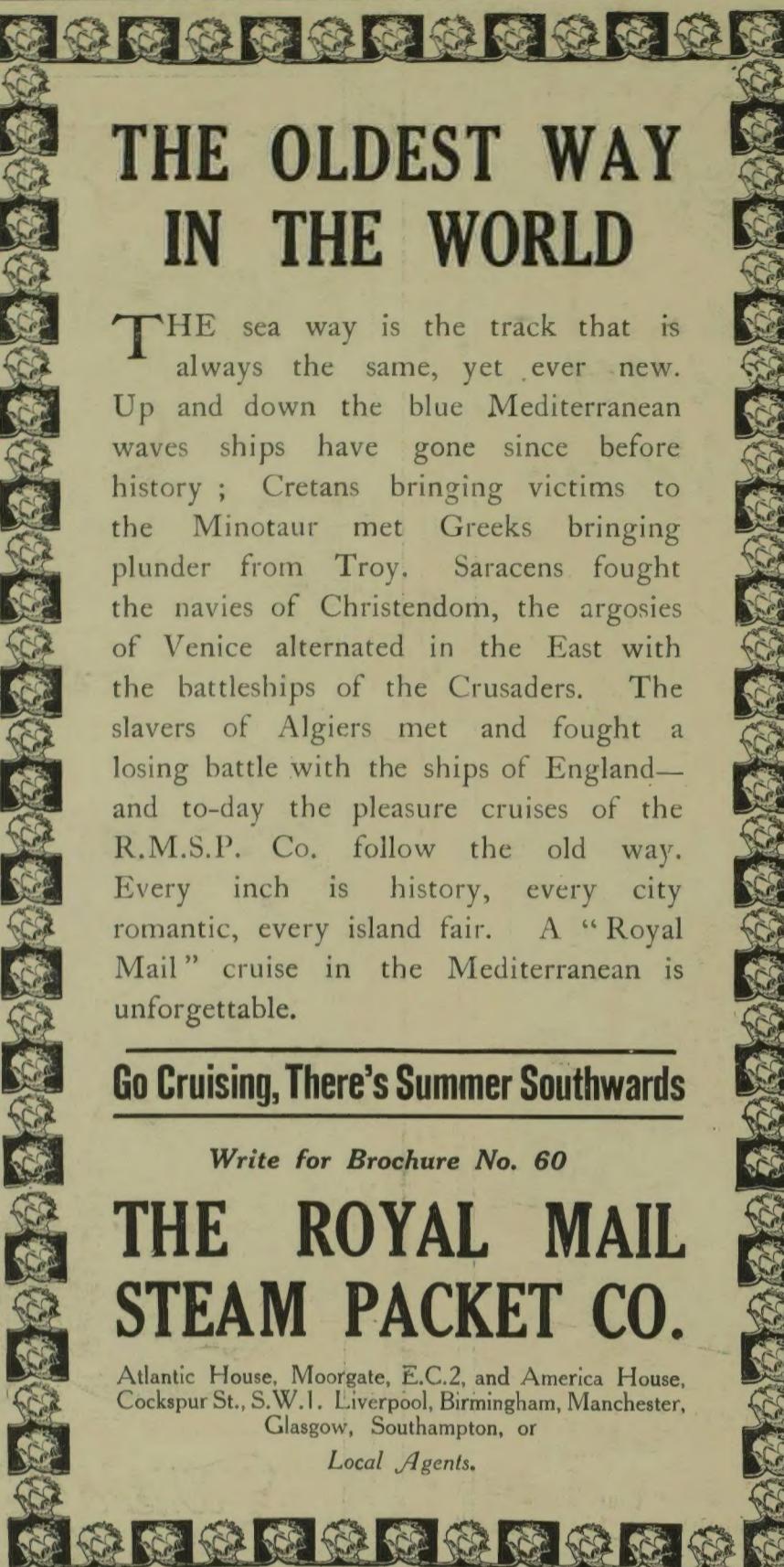
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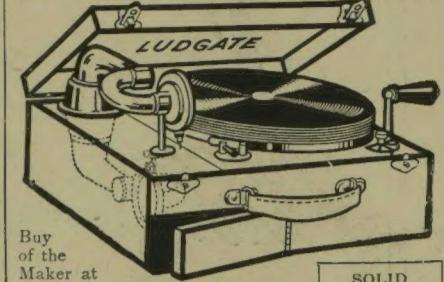
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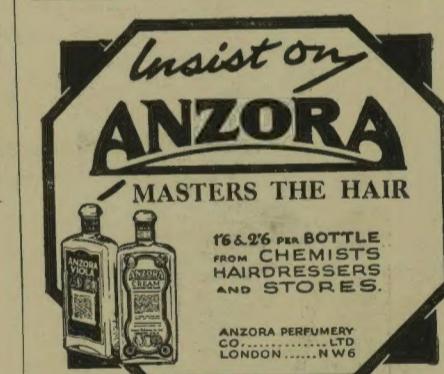
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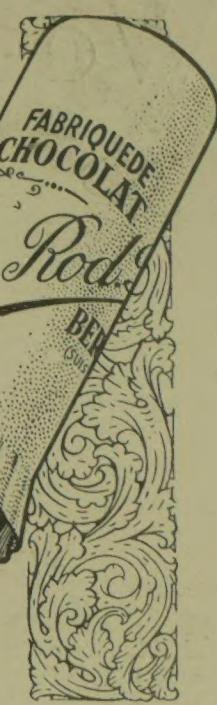
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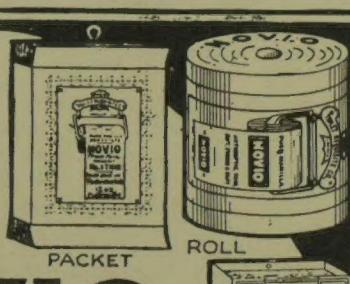
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Big Free Gift Presentation of 7 Days’ Hair-Health Parcels

THERE is wonderful and welcome news to-day for women of all ages.

Minds that have been agitated over the puzzling problem “To Bob or not to Bob,” will be set at rest. Women who have already had their hair “bobbed” or “shingled,” to their regret—because they find it does not “suit” them—need worry no longer nor have recourse to wigs.

For the most heartily welcome news is now to hand that you can “wear” or “dress” your hair as you like, with great success, provided you only practise “Harlene-Hair-Drill” daily—a simple method of hair culture, development, and improvement that women everywhere—and men, too—are now invited by Mr. Edwards, the famous Royal Hair Specialist, to test and prove by a FREE 7 Days’ Trial of “Harlene-Hair-Drill.”



Is Your Hair “Shingled”?

“Shingled” hair only suits certain types of women. Many girls and women have spoiled an otherwise attractive appearance by having their hair shingled. In all such cases “Harlene-Hair-Drill”—which you can try free to-day—comes to the rescue, and helps a woman or girl to grow luxuriant and beautiful hair, or, if a woman prefers to keep her hair “shingled” to preserve its beauty and lustre.

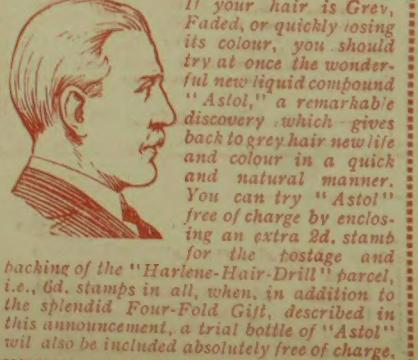
THE SIX VIRTUES OF HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL.

It has now been proved and established beyond the shadow of a doubt that “Harlene-Hair-Drill”

- (1) protects “bobbed” hair against coarsening or other injury;
- (2) causes speedy re-growth after “bobbing” if desired;

Special Notice to the Grey-Haired

If your hair is Greying, Faded, or quickly losing its colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound “Astol,” a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try “Astol” free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the “Harlene-Hair-Drill” parcel, i.e., 6d. stamps in all, when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift, described in this announcement, a trial bottle of “Astol” will also be included absolutely free of charge.



- (3) banishes hair troubles and blemishes either in “bobbed” or “unbobbed” hair;
- (4) preserves the hair under all conditions;
- (5) prevents tendency to Premature Baldness;
- (6) increases the hair’s strength, softness, and loveliness, whether “worn” long or short.

To-day, any man, woman, or girl can test and prove this for himself or herself by accepting this most generous and timely offer of Mr. Edwards in the form of a Free Four-Fold “Harlene” Outfit, of which 1,000,000 have been specially



Are You Bobbed?

Don’t think that “bobbed” hair requires less attention than hair grown to its natural and normal length and strength. On the contrary, less hair demands more care. You need not spend lots of money, however, for “Harlene-Hair-Drill” will keep your hair in perfect condition. A “Cremex” Shampoo, a little “Harlene,” and a touch of “Uzon” Brilliantine will make and keep your hair full of life, radiance, and lustre.

prepared for free distribution among the general public.

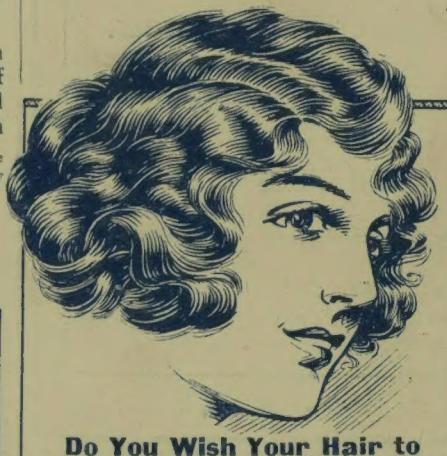
There is no excuse for any woman (or man either) neglecting the hair to-day. Don’t worry your mind any more over the “bobbing” or any hair question. Dress your hair in the fashion and style that suits you best, and leave the rest to “Harlene-Hair-Drill.” To enable everyone to give “Harlene-Hair-Drill” a thorough personal test, the Discoverer-Inventor of “Hair-Drill” makes the following Offer of a Free “Harlene” Outfit, containing everything necessary for a 7 Days’ Free Trial of “Harlene-Hair-Drill.”

This is the Free Gift :

1. A Trial Bottle of the World-famous “Harlene-for-the-Hair,” the true hair food and “tonic,” which supplies to every hair root those important elements essential for healthy hair growth, and assures to every woman a perfectly healthy and beautiful head of hair. Men, too, find “Harlene” a wonder-worker in smartening up the appearance and preventing a tendency to “patchy” and general premature Baldness.
2. A Free supply of “Cremex” Shampoo Powder, which has the largest sale of any Shampoo Powder in the world, and which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of all scurf and other enemies, and prepares the head for

the most effective practice of the “Drill.”

3. A Free Bottle of “Uzon” Brilliantine, which gives a final distinction, lustre, sheen, and radiance to the hair, and is especially helpful to those whose hair or scalp is inclined to be over-dry. “Uzon” has aptly been called “The Sunshine of the Hair.”



Do You Wish Your Hair to Grow Long Again?

Newspapers declare that “bobbing” is on the wane, and that hair fashion is changing. Many men prefer long hair in women. So thousands of women who have had their hair “bobbed” are naturally anxious. Some have found “bobbing” unsuitable. They wish to regain their lost hair health, luxuriance, and beauty again. Let them take up and practise “Harlene-Hair-Drill” daily, and they will be delightedly surprised at the results.

4. Free “Manual of Instructions,” compiled by the Inventor-Discoverer, containing invaluable hints and directions for the daily practice of “Harlene-Hair-Drill” and hair cultivation generally.

Here then is an easy and economical way of ending all your hair troubles and setting your mind at rest.

For, under all circumstances and conditions, “Harlene-Hair-Drill” has been proved by thousands to be the best protector and beautifier of the hair. It prevents and banishes every form of hair trouble that threatens or attacks the hair, such as

- Scalp Irritation and Scurf.
- Hair Splitting at the Ends.
- Weak, Thin, and Brittle Hair.
- Hair losing and lacking Lustre and Life.



Do You Prefer Long Hair?

Let those who will decry the full growth of the hair as “old-fashioned.” The enormous number of letters received by Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, daily prove that there are still many women who look upon their hair as their “crowning glory.” Women who wish to keep their hair in lustre, luxuriance, and health should write for and accept the Free Gift of a “Hair-Drill” Outfit offered them to-day.

— Hair that is Falling Out.

— Over-Dry and Over-Greasy Hair.

— Thinning Hair and Patchy Baldness.

Whether “bobbed” or “unbobbed,” “Harlene-Hair-Drill” increases the beauty of the hair, gives it a polish, a softness, and a radiance that enhances its loveliness and adds a thousand-fold to any woman’s attractiveness and charm.

IMPORTANT TO MEN.

Although this announcement is meant chiefly for women, much of what is said applies also to men. Men will find in “Harlene” a true friend in need and deed, one which helps them to have and keep a youthful and smart appearance. Men of middle age who are dreading the oncoming of Baldness or Greyness should accept this Offer at once, and so keep off the approach of “that aged look” which is such a handicap in business life to-day.

When, after the Free Gift, you have proved to your own complete satisfaction that “Harlene” does grow hair and conquer hair troubles, then you can always obtain further supplies of these wonderful preparations from chemists and at drug departments of any stores in any part of the world. “Harlene” at 1/12, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle, “Uzon” Brilliantine at 1/12 and 2/9 per bottle; “Cremex” Shampoo Powders at 1/6 per box of seven Shampoos (single packets 3d. each), and “Astol” for Grey Hair at 3/- and 5/- per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS’ HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24, & 26, Lamb’s Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free “Harlene” Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

I.L.N., 25/10/24

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope “Sample Dept.”)

N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of “Astol” Hair Colour Restorer will also be sent you.